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TO THE MOTHER-HEART.

The little boy who followed you all day
With brave uncertain feet, and baby-
wise

Caught at your skirt to smile up in
your eyes—

Oh! mountains high—till in your arms
he lay;

The little boy for whom the heart will
pray

In vain when the light fades from
evening skies—

The mother-heart that bleeds but
never dies

Tho' all things fail, tho' all things pass
away;

The little roguish boy—ah! who could
tell

From this, this shattered heap of
bloody clay,

Vested in martial rags, and where it fell
Reeking its execration to the skies,

The little boy who followed you all day
And smiled into your face with angel
eyes?

Theodore H. van Beck.

The English Review.

TO GREAT BRITAIN.

If thou forget again, as in thy day
Of proud prosperity thou didst forget,
The things belonging to thy peace,
regret

Will not avail thee for thy strength and
stay,

When all thy greatness shall have
passed away

And thou among thine enemies art set,
Like Samson, for derisions; with thy
debt

Of vengeance due, but with no power to
pay.

Cast not aside thine armor or thy sword,
When thou hast won the fight; the
foe has sworn

To humble thee, because thou art the
Lord

Of Ocean and of thee was Freedom
born;

All wilt thou lose for which thy fathers
warred,
If thou again thy prophets dare to
scorn.

Francis Coult.

The Outlook.

THE WELL OF ALL-HEALING.

There's a cure for sorrow in the well at
Ballylee

Where the scarlet cressets hang over
the trembling pool:

And joyful winds are blowing from the
Land of Youth to me,

And the heart of the earth is full.

Many and many a sunbright maiden
saw the enchanted land

With star faces glimmer up from the
druid wave:

Many and many a pain of love was
soothed by a faery hand

Or lost in the love it gave.

When the quiet with a ring of pearl
shall wed the earth,

And the scarlet berries burn dark by
the stars in the pool;

Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be amid the
Danaan mirth,

While the heart of the earth is full.

A. E.

BROTHERS.

Give me your hand, my brother;
search my face;

Look in these eyes lest I should think
of shame;

For we have made an end of all things
base;

. We are returning by the road we came.

Your lot is with the ghosts of soldiers
dead,

And I am with the fighters in the
field;

But in the gloom I see your laurel'd
head,

And through your victory mine shall
be revealed.

S. S.

The Saturday Review.

THE WAR AND THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE.

It may seem premature to embark upon a discussion of the problems which will arise for the British Empire when the war is over. We are assuming, we must assume, that only one end is possible; but we are bound to recollect that this end is not yet in sight. We have for the last eighteen months been waging a successful defensive war, but we have not yet begun that successful offensive without which victory cannot be achieved. Many sacrifices and much endurance will be needed before that consummation is attained, and before we can begin to reap the results of a conflict which, as it has gone on, has revealed itself more and more to be a direct attack upon the British Empire, the most formidable to which it has ever been exposed.

Nevertheless, even in the midst of our present preoccupations, it is worth while to consider the tasks of the future. After the war, we have been told, nothing can ever be quite the same again. That is certainly true of the British Empire. It must be clear to everybody that a whole set of new problems has arisen, and that the older problems present themselves in new shape. The war has brought home to us, in a most striking and emphatic form, enlarged conceptions of the relationship between empire and military power. We have been compelled to turn our thoughts more closely to these subjects. We have all had to consider what military power signifies, what are its characteristics, its extent, its limitations.

We have seen, on the one hand, how false is the idea that empires are held together by force alone. That we know is the rooted opinion of our chief enemy; but history gives no warrant for it. It may be true of the transitory empires founded on armed conquest, like those

of Alexander the Great, Genghiz Khan, Timur, and Napoleon. But the great permanent empires have been built up by other methods. They are the result of a consensus of opinion on the part of large populations that the system which prevails is one that accords with their interests and their ideas. The three empires which for long periods held together in political union large populations, and extensive portions of the earth's surface, are conspicuous examples of this. I refer to the Empire of Rome, the Empire of Britain, and that other empire which has for a greater space of time than either maintained civilized rule among hundreds of millions of human beings—I mean the Empire of China.

Rome may have acquired her territories by war, but it was not warlike strength alone which kept the Roman State in being. One is amazed at the slenderness of the military establishment, which enabled Rome under the emperors to maintain peace and order and good government over a territory extending from the Firth of Forth to the Persian Gulf. The organized force of Rome consisted of a regular army which at no time seems to have exceeded 275,000 men, a number, it is worth noting, considerably less than the army of Greece or the army of Bulgaria. There must have been millions of Roman citizens who never, in the whole course of their life, had seen a Roman soldier; just as over a large part of India you may also find millions of people who, at any rate before the present war, had never looked upon a man in the uniform of the British Army. The provinces consented to Roman rule because it gave them good government, undisturbed order, an unequalled system of law and justice. Rome represented civilization in the highest sense in which it was then

understood. What need was there for any great display of military power to retain in contented allegiance peoples who could not imagine any change by which their general conditions could be improved?

So far from being absorbed in militarism, the Roman Empire, in its later days, was not military enough. As more and more of its citizens became habituated to a life of peaceful industry, it not only lost the barbaric taste for war, but it showed an increasing reluctance to take upon itself the burden of national defense. There was constant difficulty in obtaining sufficient recruits to keep up the strength of the legions. If Rome had had a truly national army, if all or a great part of its able-bodied citizens had been regularly trained to arms, the Huns and the Germanic tribes might have been mastered, the Roman Empire of the West might well have continued in all its vigor for another thousand years, and Europe would have been saved from many centuries of darkness and anarchy.

Turn to that other empire I have mentioned—the Empire of China. One is brought face to face with somewhat similar conclusions. China, for a period of over two thousand years, has kept in general tranquillity and well-defined civilization a quarter or a fifth of the human race. The Chinese sought no external conquests, and they relied on something entirely different from military power to maintain the union of the vast mass of kindred peoples that constituted the Kingdom. The Monarchy ruled as the representative of civilization and knowledge, and what has always seemed—to its own inhabitants, at any rate—a high ideal of life; and these intangible bonds held together in one polity hundreds of millions of people who yielded willing obedience to a central government which at no time had a powerful army at its disposal. But the civilized Chinaman became “too

proud to fight”; and, because of the reluctance of its inhabitants to take adequate measures for their own defense, China fell an easy prey in the seventeenth century to a Tartar tribe from the North. The conquerors were too few in number to transform the old and elaborate structure of society in which they found themselves, but the civilization of China was retarded and kept stagnant and unprogressive by the crude tyranny of the Manchu clan which had possessed itself of the government. In more recent years we have seen China threatened and assailed by many misfortunes for the same reasons. She has been the victim of aggression from Western and Eastern nations because she had lost the ability to defend herself.

There are here surely great lessons for that Empire in which we are more closely interested. The Empire of Britain has not been built up on military force. Some large portions of our territory have, no doubt, been acquired by the sword; but, even in that case, they have not been ruled and administered by the methods of conquest. The British Empire holds together for the same reason as the Roman did, because it represents to all its inhabitants an ideal of order and liberty and justice. Our adversaries had imagined that, because our free institutions and our traditions of government gave opportunities for political rivalry and for the unfettered expression at times of political discontent, therefore the subject States, as they were pleased to call them, under the British Crown, would seize the opportunity to revolt at the first touch of external danger. In numerous German publications, written before the war, it was predicted that, if ever Great Britain found herself involved in hostilities, Australia and New Zealand and Canada would hasten to declare their “independence.” That cannot be called a fortunate prophecy. Nor were the charitable expectations from the same

quarter of disorder and disloyalty in India, Egypt, and the Crown Colonies any better founded. It would be superfluous to recall the splendid story of the Canadian contingents in France and Flanders, set forth so finely in that soul-stirring little volume by Sir Max Aitken and of the unequalled heroism of the Australasian troops, which will make the name of Anzac live in history, it may be when Marathon and Salamis are forgotten.

Nor was it from the great self-governing dominions alone that the same testimony of loyalty and unity was presented. I saw the other day a list of the new aeroplanes which had just been presented to the Imperial Aircraft Flotilla. One came from Sir Robert Ho Tung, of Hong Kong, a leading resident in that Chinese community in the Far East that has gained so much from that commercial prosperity of the British Empire which it has also done so much to assist. There is scarcely a ruling prince of India who has not given guns or motor-cars or aeroplanes or medical units to the Imperial Forces. The Nizam of Hyderabad, who is the second Mohammedan ruler in the world—perhaps one may say the first, since the Sultan of Turkey has become a subordinate official of the Prussian General Staff—besides making many other gifts, has placed all his workshops at the disposal of the Government for the production of munitions. Turning from the greater potentates to the smaller, I note that the Chief Amir of Nigeria presented for the use of the British Forces a gift of £5,000 and a herd of cattle, and accompanied these presents with a letter in which he said: "My people's hearts are filled with joy at the news of the victories of the English." "In celebration of it," he continues, "we spent three whole days in sports," which I suppose he thought was a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon method of commemorating an important event.

It is, indeed, unnecessary to insist upon the fact, which is seldom absent from our consciousness, which fills us all with joy and pride and gratitude, the fact that in this war we have obtained support more whole-hearted and enthusiastic than we could have dared to expect from all the peoples and races which constitute the British realm. The whole Empire is knit up in this struggle, and so the Empire as a whole has obtained new ideas of war and of military power: what it is, what it means, how it can best be maintained and developed, and how far its limits extend. We now understand that nations still have to fight not merely for power, but for security, for existence. We have learned that the age of bloodshed, of sheer force, of military aggression, is unhappily not yet over. It is, indeed, our hope and our intention that this terrible conflict, which has devastated humanity, may be the last of all the great wars; that is our aim, that is what we are fighting for. But we must keep before our eyes the possibility that the goal may not be reached as the result of the present struggle. We are bound to admit the possibility that other wars may arise, the certainty that for many years to come we shall have to sleep in our armor and see to it that our weapons are bright.

We know now that war is not merely an affair of professional soldiers, of armies, of general staffs, of cabinets; that victory depends not merely on the courage of the troops, or even the skill of the leaders, but on the economic, material, and moral resources of the whole people, and perhaps even more on its capacity to organize these so that they can be employed with instant effect at the right time and in the right manner.

If we look at war from that point of view, the British Empire ought to have no fear to encounter the most formid-

able antagonist, or even a world in arms, as it has done before. I object very much to that kind of megalomania which boasts of the multitude of our people and the extent of our territory. But it is a simple fact that two provinces alone of our Indian Empire have a population exceeding that of our principal enemy, and that two provinces of Canada have greater material resources—mineral, agricultural, and pastoral—than Germany and Austria in combination. When we recollect that the population of the British Empire is very nearly equal to that of all our Allies and all our enemies taken together, it ought to be obvious that if we set ourselves in earnest towards the painful and necessary business of war-like organization we should have little fear for the future.

But to do that we ought to be able to make, as we have not made so far, all the latent capacities of the Empire available for the purpose. We fought our former wars practically with the population and the resources of these islands. We are fighting this war with the population and the resources of these islands and the self-governing British Dominions, together with a certain amount of valuable help from the Dependencies. If we ever have to fight another great war, then we must see to it that we fight that war with the potentialities, so far as they can be made effective, of all the communities of which the Empire is composed. Indian troops have taken an honorable and distinguished part in this war; but the number of them employed is insignificant in comparison with that of the total population of our Asiatic territories. India has some 340 millions of inhabitants, nearly five times as many as Germany and twice as many as Russia; and it could make, and would very willingly make, a much larger contribution, human and material, to the common defense without

enduring an excessive strain. We have thought proper, since the Mutiny, to confine our recruiting almost entirely to the "fighting races" of the Northwest, and to the non-Indian peoples beyond the frontier like the Gurkhas and Pathans. It is a grave question whether we cannot now afford to throw the net wider, and offer the opportunity of a military career to others besides the members of the selected tribes and peoples. The question was raised and very fairly discussed in a speech of remarkable eloquence and power delivered by Sir Satyendra Sinha, in his presidential address to the Indian National Congress at Bombay on December 27th. Sir S. P. Sinha, the most distinguished of living Indian lawyers, the first Indian to become a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, claimed for his countrymen at large the right to bear a substantial part in the national defense. "We ask for the right to enlist in the Regular Army, irrespective of race or province of origin, subject only to prescribed tests of physical fitness. We ask that the commissioned ranks of the Indian Army should be thrown open to all classes of His Majesty's subjects, subject to fair, reasonable, and adequate physical and educational tests; and that a military college or colleges should be established in India, where proper military training can be received by those of our countrymen who will have the good fortune to receive His Majesty's commission.

There are obvious difficulties, and Sir S. P. Sinha does not shirk them. Can we place in the hands of one or two millions of our Indian fellow-subjects arms which might be turned against the British raj? He replies that if India is contented and loyal its armies would not want to mutiny, and if India can only be kept in order by being emasculated and enfeebled, then "there is no more scathing indictment

of the results of British rule." Is it too much for India to expect to be treated as Russia treats her subject races?

The resources for defense which India possesses even now *do* add to the strength of England, as has been so amply proved in the present war. This strength would be multiplied a hundred-fold were our claims ever conceded. For, if the people of India are allowed and trained to bear arms, what nation is there whose strength would compare with that of England? Nor is there any reason for apprehension that such concessions would be a source of internal danger. If the Sikhs, the Gurkhas, the Mahrattas, and the Pathans—good and valiant soldiers as they are—are found to be loyal and law-abiding, there is no reason to think that the case would be otherwise with the other races when admitted to the same status and privileges. Besides, the privileges are to be granted subject only to such conditions and rules and regulations as to ensure proper discipline and control.

I draw attention to these passages from a noteworthy speech, of which no adequate report has been published in this country; for Sir S. P. Sinha is no mere "congress-wallah," no hare-brained agitator or reckless sedition-monger, but a statesman and a jurist of the highest eminence, who would be the last person to suggest that the destinies of India can be separated from those of Britain, or that any revolutionary change in their relations is possible or expedient. The question he has brought forward cannot be dealt with during the war; but afterwards it must be approached seriously, and with due recognition of the fact that its settlement will be required, not only in the interests of India, but in that of the Empire.

With nearly a quarter of the human race under one Government, with our ports and harbors upon the coasts of

every sea and ocean in the world, we can become, if necessary, if the pressure of events compel us, not only, as we are and must be, the greatest of naval Powers, but also a military Power which can hold its own even if, by some ill-fortune, we should be deprived of our present allies, against any combination of enemies whatsoever. But the lesson of this war is that these latent resources, however magnificent, are of little value unless they are brought together and organized for the specific purpose for which they may be required under a single control and direction. If the British Empire had been so organized when the blow fell in August, 1914, I think it is safe to say that the present war would not have occurred.

We hope that we shall emerge in triumph from the ordeal. But never again must we be exposed to it in the same form, never again must an attack upon the British Empire find that Empire with its latent strength almost paralyzed at the outset from want of adequate preparation, shielded, it is true, by a mighty navy, but behind that shield still only beginning to assemble enrol, and equip its armies weeks and months after hostilities had opened. To the larger questions of strategy and military policy we had devoted comparatively little attention, and our kinsmen beyond the sea had given even less. To them as to us it has been brought home that these questions still lie at the very root not merely of the safety, but of the existence of States and peoples. We were not unconscious of this truth two years ago; but we accepted it with a certain languor since it had not been bitten into us with teeth of iron as it has been during the period through which we have lately passed. We no doubt were in a general way aware that the various communities of the British realm should be prepared for common action by sea and land, and we had already an organ of adminis-

tration intended to facilitate these joint operations. This is the Committee of Imperial Defense, which owes its initiation and its development in equal degree to the leaders of the two great English parties, to Mr. Balfour, who created the Committee, and to Mr. Asquith, who has developed its usefulness and enlarged its functions. The Committee of Imperial Defense, even before the war, had taken various steps towards co-ordinating the military and naval activities of the various portions of the Empire. Yet when the war came we had made small progress towards practical unity. Each community was raising its own armies for local defense, with little reference to the general needs. We were, in fact, for military purposes, a number of separate allied States, morally, though not formally, pledged to aid one another in resistance to a common enemy.

* There has undoubtedly been revealed a weakness in our Imperial organization that must be amended so soon as we have time to attend to the matter. Not merely the nation, but the Empire must fight as a whole, with all its undiluted strength; and we perceive that this task will be impossible of accomplishment unless its resources, human and material, can be placed at the disposal of some organ of common control during the years of preparation which may be allowed us.

We shall, therefore, require an Empire Board of War under the direction of an Empire official of the highest rank; in other words, we shall be forced to constitute an Imperial Ministry of Defense. This will involve great changes in our insular political system, and a certain readjustment on the part of the self-governing Dominions. If we are to have this common control for military and naval purposes we are brought very close to the idea of an Imperial Executive. That idea has

loomed upon the horizon of our politics for some years. The tendency of events has been to clothe the chief adviser of the Crown—that is, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—with the functions of an Imperial Chancellor. Mr. Asquith has been compelled to take upon himself some of these duties, and one may almost say that he has become in fact, if not yet in name, the first Chancellor or Premier not merely of the United Kingdom, but of the British Empire. But this Imperial Executive must include certain other Ministers concerned with the affairs of the Empire rather than with that of the kingdom. We must have an Imperial Minister of Defense, or two Ministers, the Imperial First Lord of the Admiralty and the Imperial Secretary of State for War. That necessarily involves other things, as, for example, financial administration. In order to raise and maintain the great Imperial Army and the great Imperial Navy we must have resources to pay for them; and it will therefore become indispensable to appoint an Imperial Minister of Finance, who shall be responsible for the control and for the expenditure of the sums allocated by the various communities of the realm for naval and military purposes, and shall be entitled to draw not only upon the taxable revenue of the whole Empire, but on its credit as well. Our Imperial Executive must include other Ministers. The Secretary of State for India and the Minister (by whatever title he may be known) for the other Dependencies, the Crown Colonies, and the Protectorates, are officers of the Empire, not of the island. They are the administrators of a trust on behalf of the entire English-speaking populations of the associated States, a responsibility which belongs, or should belong, to the electors of Canada and Australia no less than to those of Britain and Ireland.

But there is something more. Military policy, as we have had ample means of discovering of late, depends upon foreign policy. It is by this that the proportions and the distribution of our armaments are determined. It is obvious that if the Dominions and Dependencies are required to take a more intimate share in the common defense they will also require a much closer control of the policy on which preparations for defense depend. Before the beginning of the war it would be not far from the truth to say that these great self-governing communities beyond the sea, not to speak of the dependent communities, had no control in this matter at all. The direction of foreign policy rested with the British Cabinet. When the crisis came the attitude of the British Foreign Office received the unwavering approval of the Governments of the Overseas States. Our kinsmen were absolutely convinced that the line taken up by the Imperial Government was the only one possible for a self-respecting people determined to vindicate the great principles of international law and liberty. Having committed themselves to that path the Dominion Governments, with a loyalty that is beyond praise, have refused to question the consequential details. Even in that black hour when the cables carried the evil news of the abandonment of the attempt upon Gallipoli no word of reproach was heard. The Prime Minister, a Labor Minister be it noted, of the Australian Commonwealth had only to say that they in Australia had committed the direction of affairs to the men at home, who understood naval and military policy better than they could do, and it was not for them to question or to criticise. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." And so all that Australia asked was to have the opportunity of making further sacrifices, and to take a larger and

yet larger share in the great enterprise.

But while we are full of gratitude for that unexampled manifestation of courage and singleness of purpose, let us not delude ourselves with the idea that a similar self-abnegation will be possible or expedient in the future. Far from it. Even while reiterating the determination of Canada to second the efforts of the Imperial Government by every means in its power until the triumph is reached, even while emphasizing this sentiment, Sir Robert Borden declared that "never again" will Canada find herself in the same situation as that which occurred at the outbreak of the war; never again will she be involved in hostilities which may inflict upon her children colossal sacrifices without having a voice in the policy that has culminated in those results. In other words, the control of Imperial affairs, no less than the control of naval and military affairs, must cease to be the monopoly of a ministry exclusively representing the electorate of these islands. Even in those august temples where the arcana of our diplomacy have been enshrined it must be obvious that the desire of the Dominion peoples to penetrate into the sanctuary is natural and legitimate. The basis of our Imperial system is undoubtedly that of autonomy and self-government for every community of British citizens; but that autonomy in the Dominions is incomplete so long as the issues which concern them most are removed entirely from their own supervision and placed under that of persons living in a distant portion of the world. On the present occasion it is true, and fortunately true, that the inhabitants of our colonies are not less convinced of the justice of our cause and of the necessity of our action than the people of these islands. But it is at least conceivable that the Foreign Office might seek to drag the Empire into a war which would not be so

popular, which would not be regarded as justifiable by our brethren overseas. Yet even in that disastrous event our fellow-subjects in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa would find themselves as much exposed to the danger and the responsibilities of the conflict as if they had themselves been consenting parties to it. So in the future it will be necessary that the direction of Imperial diplomacy, like the direction of Imperial defense and Imperial finance, should be placed under a statesman who will really be an Imperial, and not an insular, minister. We must, therefore, have in our Imperial Executive not only the Empire Chancellor, the Empire Secretary for War, the Empire Minister of the Navy, and the Empire Minister of Finance, but also the Empire Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Here, then, we are brought to the threshold of an Imperial Cabinet, so near, indeed, that the preliminary steps have already been taken. During the past few months, when Sir Robert Borden was paying a visit to London, he was invited to attend a meeting of the Imperial Cabinet, and he did so. In what capacity he was present, or what part he took in the discussions, is naturally a secret to be revealed in due course for the satisfaction of the historian of the future. For us, at any rate, it is gratifying to know that this great innovation has been made, and that for the first time it has been recognized that the consultations of the body which is responsible for the destinies of the Empire may be enforced by the presence of a Minister chosen by his fellow-citizens to preside over the destinies of one of the self-governing Dominions. That Cabinet of December, 1915, may find its place in our annals as the opening of a new era in the organization and constitution of the British Empire.

Behind the question of the Imperial Executive there lies another and a still larger problem. Assuming that the Empire Cabinet is in being, to what body is this Ministry to be in the last resort responsible? The answer to this question, so far as it has been considered at all, has been given in different senses by different inquirers. On the one hand, there are some authorities who maintain that the present arrangement of the British Empire should not be substantially altered. They point out, what is indeed true, that its governance is a thing absolutely unique of its kind. As regards the self-governing parts of the Empire, we have what is in fact an alliance of a number of virtual independent communities. They are under the technical sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament, which has never parted with its theoretical right to make laws for any part of the King's dominions. It would be within its powers to regulate the payment of income-tax in the State of Victoria or the arrangement of street letter-boxes in the cities of Ontario. But, as everybody is aware, this theoretical right is completely in abeyance, and the Imperial Parliament would no more make laws dealing with the internal affairs of any of the self-governing Dominions than it would abolish trial by jury or restore the use of torture.

For practical purposes the Crown, which is nominally the supreme executive in every part of the Empire, can only be advised in each of its self-governing States by the ministers responsible to the legislature of that State. Our proposed Imperial Cabinet would therefore have no single Parliament to which it could be made amenable; and the question is whether it should be responsible to such a Parliament or whether its responsibility should be shared among the various elected legislatures. Those who take the latter

view hold that the regulation of the joint affairs of the Empire must be managed by some extension or development of the present Imperial Conference. That is to say, the representatives of the different Governments would meet in London from time to time, perhaps annually, and would then consult with the Imperial Cabinet, with the Imperial Chancellor and Finance Minister, and the rest, as to the methods by which the several States shall carry out their part of the joint policy. This would not be so much an Imperial Constitution as a permanent Imperial Alliance. It would be different rather in degree than in kind from that agreement for joint action which we may hope will be maintained between ourselves and our present principal Ally and old rival, the Republic of France, in the time to come.

Obviously, such an arrangement would be open to considerable difficulties in practice. Let us assume, for example, that the Imperial Ministry of War declares that so many battleships will be required and so many army corps; that these units must be supplied in such and such proportion by the different constituent States. The United Kingdom will be called upon to provide so many; the Dominion of X, in order to make the whole system of armaments symmetrical, would have to be responsible for, let us say, six battleships and eight army corps. The Imperial War Board will present its requisition before the Conference, and the members of the Conference representing the Colonies might be assumed to accept these estimates. They would then go back to their several States, and the Minister of Dominion X would say: "When I was in London I was convinced that we ought to furnish the specified number of battleships and army corps, and therefore I must call upon the legislature to vote the necessary funds for the purpose.

One may suppose, that, as a general rule, that requisition would be complied with; but there would be no certainty upon the point, and always the danger that the local legislature, actuated possibly by sentiment adverse to that of the Ministry in office, possibly worked upon by party feeling, may refuse to honor the draft of their representative, and may content themselves with voting not the six necessary battleships and eight army corps, but perhaps only four of the one and five of the other. The result would be, of course, to throw out all the calculations of the Imperial Executive, and would land us back in our present uncomfortable position of being obliged, in the last resort, to supply the deficiency at the cost of the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. This is not merely a hypothetical situation. It has actually arisen over the Canadian Naval Defense Bill of 1912, and the refusal of the Dominion Senate to authorize the construction of the three battleships recommended by the Ministry and allowed for in their estimates by the Admiralty. I do not say that this absolutely condemns the system of Imperial Government by conference, and, indeed, I think that, as a transitional stage, it is exceedingly likely to be adopted. We shall probably be forced by circumstances to create our Imperial Executive without much further delay, and no doubt, in the absence of any central representative body, we shall contrive to get along, for some time at least, by this method of joint discussion and voluntary agreement.

But there is another alternative. The natural and logical development of the Constitution would be to make the Imperial Ministry responsible, as our ministers always are responsible, all over the self-governing portions of the Empire, to a parliament. The statesmen, who will be entitled to direct the policy and to pledge the resources of

all the citizens of the Empire, ought to be answerable to an elective body representing those citizens. So we come back to the conception of a true Imperial Parliament, a central Federal Congress of the Empire. It is an idea that has hovered before the minds of some acute political thinkers for nearly two hundred years. In the eighteenth century it attracted men like Chatham, Franklin, and Adam Smith, and was only rejected by Burke because he thought the order of nature and geography forbade it, little foreseeing the progress of mechanical science which was to overcome the order of nature and conquer geography. It fell into abeyance in the *laissez-faire* era of the nineteenth century, when men were still suffering under the reaction of the American Revolution, and still inclined to think, with Lord Blachford, that "the ultimate destiny of our Colonies" was separation. Later, when Froude, Seeley, and Disraeli had disseminated larger conceptions of Empire, the Imperial Federation League, inspired by W. E. Forster, Sir John Colomb, and Lord Rosebery, was instituted for the definite purpose of promoting the organization of the Empire on the basis of a central Federal Legislature. The League, however, was allowed to die out because it was felt that its propaganda met with scanty response in the self-governing Dominions. It was a little premature, a little in advance of the prevalent colonial sentiment. The Dominions had, acquired their autonomy so recently that they were still jealous of control from London, and were less anxious to obtain closer union with the central Government than to develop and fortify their own national existence. They were always afraid that an estimable body of persons who had never quite gained their enthusiastic regard—I mean the permanent officials and parliamentary chiefs of Downing Street—

might make some endeavor to reassert the authority they had abandoned. They therefore looked upon all projects of constitutional union with a certain suspicion; the operations of the League were quietly abandoned; and during the first years of the present century we did not hear very much about Imperial Federation.

But there has been a significant revival of late and the war has quickened it. Several very able writers on the Colonies, men who have studied the whole question with zeal and knowledge, believe that the Empire will be in danger of disruption unless formal and definite steps are taken to create a central legislature. Lord Rosebery, presiding at one of the lectures given under the auspices of the Imperial Studies Committee in the University of London last autumn, declared that he thought the time might well have arrived to recur to the movement associated with the propaganda of the Imperial Federation League. Why should not this association be reconstituted? It would help to focus and direct the activities of those who are convinced that definite steps should be taken to overcome the obstacles which lie in the path of a genuine and organic union of the Empire States.

Such an attempt cannot be long postponed. The close of the war will bring us face to face with the task of converting our loose and ill-jointed Empire constitution into a genuine Federal Union, like other great composite State-systems which have been built out of separate local or national units, and like—on a lesser scale—our own federated Dominions. We have before us the example and the experience of the United States of America, distinct in their origin and each claiming the attributes of sovereignty, combining to form a Federal Republic with a single executive and central legislature; of the provinces of Canada uniting as the

Dominion of Canada; of the Australian States compacted into a Commonwealth; of the colonies of South Africa associated to become members of the South African Union; and farther back in our history, of the Scottish Parliament and the Irish Parliament abandoning their separate powers and amalgamated with that of England and Wales into the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. What the Empire has done in part it can do as a whole. The "Imperial" Parliament can justify its title and render itself in fact, as well as in name, Imperial by receiving representatives from all the self-governing States, and by delegating its control of purely British and insular affairs to a purely British and insular legislature and ministry.

When the Imperial Federation League was at work it was the prevailing belief that the initiative for organic change must come from the Colonies. English politicians—with the memory of the American catastrophe still in their minds—were anxious not to give color to the suggestion that they were seeking to impose a scheme of government upon the self-conscious and self-dependent peoples overseas. And it is still the fashion to repeat that we must move very slowly and timidly, that we must do nothing to interfere with the spontaneous development of the idea, that the Mother Country, so much more powerful and populous, so much richer, as we suppose, in political talent and experience, must wait until the Dominions themselves formulate their demand for closer union. Let us trust to the honored principle of "growth," and be confident that in due course the harvest will be ripe for the sickle. But here, again, our point of view is changing under the pressure of events. Lord Rosebery says that thirty years ago he and his fellow-federationists of the old League were "mortally opposed" to the

enunciation of a constitutional scheme of Empire governance. "At that time we had a very strong impression that any proposal of that kind should come from the Dominions and not from the Mother Country. I am rather disposed to think that, with the flux of time and the experiences of the war, that judgment may be reversed, and that the proposal should come from the Mother Country to the Dominions."

It is impossible to examine the recent utterances of leading colonial statesmen without being convinced that this is their own view of the matter. They recognize that great reforms do not inevitably "grow" to maturity; the process may have to be accelerated by direct and purposive action. The cautious Whiggism which would merely watch and wait for "natural tendencies" to assert themselves may, perhaps, seem to them only the self-righteous indolence of those

Good people who sit still in easy-chairs,
And damn the general world for standing up.

They are not particularly alarmed at the thought of constitution-making. They have made their own constitutions, and would not shrink, if called upon, to bear a hand in making that of the Empire.

So they are ready to receive the invitation to begin. The scheme of federal government must be worked out in an elected Convention or Constituent Assembly, as that of the United States was, and those of Australia, and Canada, and South Africa, and then submitted to the electors of the various States. "The people," said Mr. Bernhard Wise, the Agent-General for New South Wales, in a recent address, "had both the first and last word in the framing of their Constitution. They first chose the men by whom it would be framed, and then they voted on the finished work." He thinks that the attempt should be

made and that "three-parts of the difficulty would be overcome by the mere fact of the Convention meeting." His words have been echoed from a very influential quarter. Mr. Bonar Law, speaking at a dinner to Mr. Fisher on February 4th, is reported to have said that "he felt we should be three parts on the way to a closer union if an elected Convention of the Dominions and the different portions of Great Britain were to meet in Westminster Hall, under the presidency of the King, to frame a Constitution for the acceptance or rejection of the people by the popular vote." It may be hoped, then, that the Colonial Secretary is already preparing with his colleagues to arrange the preliminaries for the meeting of this Convention. Even in the stress of the present conflict an authoritative Royal Commission or Select Committee of statesmen, jurists, constitutionalists, and administrators might be set to work to collect material for this congress, settle its agenda, furnish it with an accurate and exhaustive classification and analysis of existing

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federal systems and former proposals, and so facilitate its consideration of the draft schemes which will be laid before it.

The Imperial Government will no doubt have its own project to submit, so no doubt will each of the other Governments; and between them all, after much discussion and consultation and argument the splendid and enduring fabric of the Empire Constitution could be wrought and hammered into being. Two or three years ago the task might have seemed academic and unreal, its end shadowy and remote. But the plant is ripening swiftly under the vivid light and fiery breath of war. What was yesterday the dream of the solitary idealist may be tomorrow the living creed of millions. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. The sacrifices and the sufferings of these terrible years will not have been in vain if they have quickened a vague sentiment into a high resolve, and generated that large atmosphere of enthusiasm and faith which feeds the flame of all great national achievement.

Sidney Low.

PARIS AND VERDUN.

With their usual acumen in psychology the Boches struck at Verdun to frighten Paris. They are good fighters, they have good heavy guns, they are splendid craftsmen with flame jets and choking gas, they are not good at understanding their foe. They had a military plan, of course, in hurling their best men, under the field glasses of the ancient Haeseler and the only Kronprinz, against one of the strongest positions along the French front. They sacrifice their best men without a qualm; they do not absolutely waste them. They are not stupid soldiers. But they are stupid psychologists. I trust the Parisian popular instinct that said,

"This is for us." Paris is learning at last to understand the Boche character, which, in its more amiable aspects, is cunning and ingenuous, thorough and obtuse, crafty and silly. The Parisian character is probably the contrary, and sees things quickly, but does not carry them through. The Boche mind patiently elaborated its conception of France, Paris, the French and the Parisians, and clings to it, and acts up to it stolidly and doggedly, even on the battlefield.

Were there ever better traits of German artlessness than these two? At the height of the fierce, well prepared, well carried out, indeed skil-

ful and gallant German attack in the first days of March, two German *mots d'ordre* went out to the German press, thence to the pro-German press among neutrals, meant finally, of course, to obtain echoings in the press of the Allies. The first was the spreading of the German Emperor's order, saying the attack was now to be made upon his "chief foe." The second is to be found in the sudden buttering up of French courage, French soldierliness, French heroism by the German press; we are doing great things, and the greater because our foe is brave and noble and heroic in defense against our attack. First, the threat with the boast: we strike at the strongest part of the foe who is our chief foe. Then the flattery: he is a brave, wonderful, leonine foe, we never met such a foe—and there had been flattery already in the threat. Frighten, then cajole; make big eyes, then pat on the back; and keep this up while bloody fighting goes on at Douaumont.

The French have a good figure for this: it is all "sewn with white thread." Any un-German eye sees the thread instantly; apparently the German eye never supposes that any other eye will see it. Do the Boches really imagine they can frighten Paris now or flatter Paris now? Was the Paris that passed through August, 1914, to be cowed in March, 1916? Are the French in a temper to accept German compliments on their courage? The Boches, who will never learn and never understand, are, I am convinced, perfectly sincere. I do not doubt their being quite hurt because what they said about French courage round Verdun has not been taken in good part. How wrongheaded of the French not to appreciate the pretty things said of them in March, 1916, by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*! The Boches, aiming through Verdun their second big blow at Paris, aimed their 17-inch compliments as

well, and were honestly disappointed at the result. They had shoals of newspaper correspondents in Paris before the war, who "ran" parts of Paris and, for instance, ruled the foreign Press Gallery in the Chamber of Deputies completely. They are now in neutral countries supplying their press with "Paris Correspondence." They count upon resuming their activities in Paris the moment the war is over, probably with increased prestige. It is they, in the meanwhile, who scold France, threaten France, mourn for France, tell her how plucky she is, and where (*Gott strafe England*) her real interests lie. And they will be really surprised and even hurt when, on coming back to Paris after peace, they find they are not welcome again.

Paris was not frightened and was not flattered. The ex-Paris correspondents of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and so on, who lived twenty years in Paris and never knew Paris, will be surprised to hear how Paris did stand up to the blow on Verdun. One might almost say (were it not for the memory of the Chasseurs who have died defending Verdun) that the attack was a welcome healthy tonic for Paris. We were a little drifting into "business and pleasure as usual," with which London began, and Paris certainly did not begin, the war, and which London has dropped and Paris thought of taking up. After all, the nearest point of the German lines is almost sixty miles from Paris, and Zeppelins, of course, no one bothers about. Paris had almost thought of going on living—"if one may venture to talk of living these days," said the old Parisian. We were, in fact, getting used to the war. "I really believe" (said an old, quite an old, and generally pessimistic *boulevardier*, who sighs for the war of 1870, because he was of an age then to fight in it) "that I am getting reconciled with

this war, and might almost say I shall miss it when it is over." In short we, the old and less old, Parisians were settling down. After the tragic days of August, 1914, Paris in February, 1916, thought she was doing her bit by just living, like the man who passed through the French Revolution. What sort of novels would be written after the war? What would the stage be like after the war? Those and other questions, equally unanswerable and idle to answer, came up. "Business as usual," in fact.

Not that Paris was trying any such monstrous thing as to forget the war (with maimed soldiers at every turn in the streets, and the invaders still at Lille), but she was taking some moments of respite, not indeed unearned. They were cut short on February 20th. We were not taken back to those tragic days of September 1, 1914, and the very pessimist, measuring the distance between then and now, is cheered. But we were brought within measurable distance of them. Verdun is a great name, nothing more as fortresses go in modern warfare than a name, but one the enemy thought worth giving up 100,000 lives for. A position, also, which once held might, amateur strategists surmised, open up again the road to Paris. The amateur strategist, who had been somewhat slumbering on the French front, and had of late exercised his dangerous imagination only in the Balkans, then awoke suddenly to activities much more nearly concerning home. The "monsieur bien informé," the person "having access to special sources of information," became at once particularly virulent. He throve for a fortnight. He came into cafés, secrets of strategy bursting out all over his face, and buttonholed you with "Now, this is not hearsay; this I know. . . ." He pursued one at one's work, he pursued one in one's leisure. He proved his facts with a pencil on

your staff map, he knew that the heavy artillery was here and ought to have been there, he knew that this general had been sacked and that one promoted by Joffre. As a matter of fact, six different persons, "having access to special sources of information" each informed me, in turn, that General X., near Verdun, had been removed from his command. All the six had got the wrong end of the stick. General Y. was removed from his command. General X., about whom the "best informed circles" in Paris persisted in talking for a fortnight, retained and retains his. The "monsieur bien informé" is one of the worst minor evils of the war. Think what it is for the poor modest writer trying to write when he is visited daily by the "monsieur bien informé," pouring his information into him, and by the person "who sees things as they are" (no pessimist, of course) coming weeping into his waistcoat.

It is not altogether the fault of the person "having access," etc. In France as in England, the ruling idea of the men who fight, or more accurately of the men who plan how the other men shall fight, is that whoever is not military shall sit at home quietly reading novels, and wait until the war is over to find out how it went on. "Pourvu qu'ils tiennent." "Qui ça?" "Les civils," said what will remain as Forain's most famous cartoon. They do, but they cannot actually lie still like lambs. Hence the Paris of the days of the attack on Verdun. The French in the first fortnight of the attack lost 35,000 men *hors de combat* against the German losses of 160,000, both figures being, of course, approximate. These figures were not disclosed. Why not? Civilians must wait while the military make war. Hence the terrors of censorship, and "Anastasie" put Clemenceau (not to mention other lesser ones) away for a week, for having said that

the French have no heavy artillery near Verdun, which is ludicrously wrong, as Clemenceau would know if he had been there. Why not let "the wrecker" say it, and then prove him wrong?

I think the "monsieur bien informé" and the quarrels with "Anastasie" proved a healthy temper in Paris during the onslaught on Verdun. They were not after all, they were not at all, the days of August, 1914. Then there were no quarrels with the censorship, there was no time for them, and there was no time at all for persons with exclusive information to go about imparting it in cafés and newspaper offices. Paris does not altogether herself understand even now how confident she is. The people knows that it will win. Not "well informed circles," but the people, that knows what it wants and will have. I think the people of Berlin must feel less sure. The people of Paris knows more and more surely every day what it means to have and will have—victory. The attack on Verdun never shook its trust or resolution an iota. The alarmist, of course, used his chance in the faubourgs as well as on the boulevards. But one had only to talk with the small folk. They often were alarmed—who was not? They had husbands and sons in the Woevre, they had wounded husbands and sons back from Douaumont, who said it was hell there, as it certainly was. They did not like the war, they hoped you (suddenly turned into a "monsieur bien informé") could assure them it would be over this year, they never were for wars at all, they hated this one, and they wanted peace. "Ah, monsieur, when shall we have beaten them, these Boches? They do take a long time beating. This Verdun attack, it may delay us. It shows they still have a stiff kick in them. That is bad. We shall not have them under as soon as we thought." And the café owner, the

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waiter, the lady behind the desk, the horsedealer who is an *habitué*, the old carter who had just looked in with a consignment of syphons, the munition worker who lunches there daily, the old gentleman who takes his *chambery-fraisette* there daily at 12.15, all shook their heads dismally. They were pessimistic. The beating of the Boches might take months more.

Not to beat the Boches was an idea the little café had not had any more than the men at the front have it. I did not go to Verdun the other day with the immense journalist who went thither, and whom the French military police most improperly would not let in. But I was there a few months ago, and was taken over the present field of battle. Verdun is held by an army many of whose men fill every visitor with admiration, respect, and, I may say, love. The Chasseurs, in their dark blue with tam o' shanters, are those I remember best. They are one family, from grizzled colonel to boy of nineteen, encamped joyfully in the woods on the Hauts de Meuse when I saw them. They have just come from a fight, and will go to another tomorrow. A good many men lost their best pal yesterday, and tomorrow many more will go down in their turn. Today they build rockeries and gardens in the woods, and make marvelous toys and write out inscriptions in pebbles. "Sidi Brahim," their great battle-song, is the favorite. They are big, delightful children. Gray-haired officers, boy-looking soldiers crowd round one, to take snapshots (of that curiosity, the civilian) and to be taken, and bell-like laughter rings out, and every boy talked to chatters delightedly and delightfully about his own particular stunt in the rockery garden of the Chasseurs (the pet show-place for visitors in the Tranchée de Calonne)—and the boy who made that other stunt was killed yesterday (pebbles have just that

morning, in what had been his corner of the garden patch, recorded his departure), and this boy will be killed tomorrow. And of those I saw in the Tranchée de Calonne a few months ago, how many live now? "Well, you see," said the colonel, "they have all already given up their lives to start with. That makes it all so much easier, doesn't it?"

"Ca, c'est vrai," chirped in a lieutenant of twenty-two, interrupting his colonel shamelessly, and the colonel turned sharply round and smiled. When they spoke with me, that curious beast, a civilian, all crowded round, soldiers and N.C.O.s and subalterns and superior officers, each eager to get his word in, and all were just men—Chasseurs. An officer turned to a private giving an order: they were pals a second before, both talking to me; the soldier suddenly stiffened to attention, the officer spoke with authority. The next second both were talking easily to me again. This wonderfully flexible adjustment of comradeship and discipline is what makes the French Army. I noted a curious thing. One of my guides, a French Staff officer, bore a famous Hungarian name, that of a family of old Hungarian aristocracy but long since become French; I made some such remark about comradeship and discipline admiringly to him. "Yes, our system has its advantages—and its drawbacks," and, though ever so little, drew himself up and away from the Chasseurs around us. The Magyar had come out after generations in the Frenchman.

An old dear (I cannot call him otherwise) of a general from Africa, comically ugly, in an extraordinary blue knickerbocker suit, with a knobbly small tree-trunk for a walking-stick; a company's cook frying potatoes with the master finish (I tasted them) under very nasty shellfire; the keen young artillery captain in a curious jersey suit and carpet

slippers who showed me with delightful and poignant eagerness all his plans of the Eparges height just opposite us, which is French, and the Camp des Romains height south of it, which is still Boche; the graybeard (1888 contingent) who reported in the Tranchée de Calonne "quelques marmites, mon colonel"; the boy who lay on a stretcher white except for the reddened bandage on his head, and never murmured, and whom one of those *marmites* had just hit; the other graybeard who, in the few stones left of a village in the Woivre, said to the staff officer, "I like this, being among the boys, it makes me feel twenty again," and who blurted it out so simply that one could not help smiling: these also I remember round Verdun. Faces and tempers jotted down among thousands.

Refugees came from Verdun to a beer tavern in the Faubourg Montmartre, where they were polite about the beer, but missed their own beer of the Meuse. On their flight, after days in cellars ("Our Verdun cellars are superiorly built," they put in with pride) under never-stopping shellfire, a flight on foot, in carts, in open railway trucks in snow and biting cold that killed several little children, they seemed to remember two things: the civilians they left behind in Verdun, three in number—a pastry-cook woman, a horticulturist, and a geologist—who all refused to go; the troops they passed going battlewards all shouting to cheer the civilians up, all singing about the Boches "Passeront pas, passeront pas," to the ancient tune of "Les Lampions," with which Paris theatre-audiences hurry up scene-shifters when the curtain won't rise.

A lieutenant wounded outside Samogneux said in hospital: "The whole place was swept by artillery fire. Every hillock smoked like a volcano. Every second, at every step, shells made new holes in the ground. Whistlings and whinings and rumblings through the

air, with a crash each time to end up, never stopped for days and nights. We managed to sleep, too dog-tired to care for shells or noises or dead bodies or scattered bits of dead bodies or wounded men screaming. Everyone of us had long since said good-bye to life. The way the men stuck it was fine. It was really just 'conquer or die.' We all made a bonfire of our letters and our little personal belongings. By a wounded soldier I sent a postcard to my father and mother, 'Probably b—— up. Last love to all.' The original is "Probablement f——. Dernières amitiés à tous." The lieutenant was wounded, trundled five miles in a wheelbarrow by "two devoted drummers" through the usual rain of shells and through blazing villages, reached hospital, and winds up

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with "Had the devil's own luck."

While the Lorraine spirit of the Verdunois remains, and while such men as these fight for Verdun, it is idle for the Germans to think of frightening Paris or France by striking at Verdun. "The grandsons before Verdun have shown themselves even greater than their grandsires before Metz," the German papers are good enough to say. This sort of thing also is no good. It exasperates the French more and more; that is a thing the Germans apparently are not yet near understanding. The French will not forgive or forget in this generation or for several to come. German compliments are an added insult, and France even smarts under "Gott strafe England." The Boche, sooner or later, will find out what French whole-hearted hatred means.

Laurence Jerrold.

BARBARA LYNN.

BY EMILY JENKINSON.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRYST AT GIRDLESTONE PASS.

"Shall we go to the Shepherd's Rest?"

Lucy timidly suggested.

Joel would not hear of it. The good-wife was in the house, he said, and she had a tongue for babbling that would challenge any mountain beck. But in that wild and rock-strewn pass was many a sheltered nook, where two people could meet unnoticed, and undisturbed, save by wandering sheep or screaming curlews. He guided Lucy to the stone, which gave its name to the place, and there they sat down.

A more secluded spot they could not have found. It was wild beyond expression. Before them the fell-side shelved away, strewn with slaty scree, at the foot of which a stream tumbled, and sent its thunders reverberating along the pass. The pack-horse track marched with the stream

in the direction of the inn, which stood below them to the left, hidden by the unevenness of the ground. To the right the road still went on up a steep ascent, then, dipping over a brow, ran through low and marshy moorland for many miles, until it reached the great North Road. In the midst of this boggy part lay Quaking Hag. Overhead was poised the girdle stone, a massive fragment fallen from the crags above, and supported by rocks, that the storms of centuries had rough-hewn into the shape of pillars. Underneath it the ground was dry and sheltered from the raw air. Behind rose the mountain Thundergay, as rugged on this side as upon that which looked into Boar Dale.

Joel regarded Lucy with an intent gaze, and she stole many a glance at him. He was not as altered as she had expected to find him. Indeed, save

for a restless light in his eyes, lines about his mouth, and the pallor of his face there was little change to be seen. She wondered why he had not returned to Forest Hall; for he had recovered from his illness sufficiently to have walked the few miles between the Shepherd's Rest and High Fold.

"So you've come to see me at last, Lucy," he said, fondling her fingers and looking into her face.

"Did you expect me before?" she asked, wishing to withdraw her hand from his, yet not liking to do so for fear it would seem unkind.

"No, but I wondered if you would manage to give Peter the slip some day, and get away. I used to buoy myself up through the long nights when I couldn't sleep, with the hope of hearing your voice in the morning."

"I'm sorry you have been so ill, Joel."

"Don't be sorry, Lucy, at least don't cry, for it clouds your eyes, which are just like two bits of blue sky, and there's not much blue sky to be seen today. Do you know, my dear, when I lay sick in the inn yonder, I often comforted myself by thinking that you were sitting by the bedside, hidden behind the curtains, and that I could, if I liked, pull them back and look at you. Fortunately I had sense enough not to try the experiment. So I got the pleasure without the disappointment."

"I wanted to come," she began hurriedly, "I would have come, but Barbara wouldn't let me. I longed and longed and longed—"

She broke off abruptly for his glance disturbed her. What was the meaning of the light in his eyes? She had seen them grow radiant in the past as lamps lit by some inner fire, but never seen them shine as now, so fierce and glowing that they frightened her. She cast a look in the direction of the Shepherd's Rest.

"Isn't it too cold for you out here?" she said. "I don't mind being seen by the woman at the inn. We are doing

nothing we need hide. It is quite natural that I should come to see how you are when Peter is away."

"Is it?" he asked with a strange laugh. "I doubt if the good-wife would think so."

"Well, if it isn't," she replied, coloring and feeling more and more reluctant to stay alone with him, "I'd better go home."

He controlled his feelings, whatever they were, and laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Let's talk calmly like two sensible folk," he said.

"I'm sure you oughtn't to be out. Don't forget how ill you've been, and that this isn't a summer's day."

"It's been a summer's day since you came, Lucy. But sit down. I haven't spent five years in a land covered with snow for half the time without becoming inured to some discomfort. Be good and kind. I've seen so little of you, and thought so much that you shouldn't grudge me this bit of pleasure."

She sat down again, drawing her cloak closer about her. She thought that the Girdlestone was not a fitting spot to talk with a man who had once been her lover. She was perplexed at his manner. She felt instinctively that a change had taken place in him. She could not have defined it; but the deterioration which had been going on in his character for the last few weeks showed through his words and actions though they were as affectionate as they had always been.

For some moments he leaned back against the rock, letting his eyes rove over her face.

"I've carried your picture here," he said, tapping his breast; "all the years I've been away; I'm now comparing it with the original."

"Well," she inquired at last, "am I like it or have I changed?"

"The same, the same, yet not the same. There's a firmer line about your

mouth than you could draw round it in the old days."

"Age should bring wisdom, should it not?" She sighed and then continued. "But I'm afraid I don't learn and grow wise."

"I know who put that line there," he said sharply.

She looked up, surprised.

"It was Barbara, Barbara, damn her, the night she prevented you coming to see me."

She winced and rose to her feet. He saw that he had made a mistake, and drew her gently to his side.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy," he cried suddenly, "I'm beside myself. I can't live without you any longer. I'm mad I know; but I want you, I want you as a man never wanted a woman before. We were born for each other, you can't deny it. Come away with me. We'll go and make happiness for ourselves in a corner of the earth, where no one will ever seek us."

He put his arms round her, and she only half resisted, though she said:

"But, oh, Joel, you forget that I'm another man's wife."

"I don't forget it. The fact's there; but we'll disregard it. We'll go away, now, at once. . . ."

She tore herself suddenly from him as though his embrace stung her. "What am I doing? What are you saying? Oh, Joel, we cannot. . . ."

It was not till then that she realized her position. She loved this man, and, though she had married Peter Fleming, his image had floated before her mind through all the years of his absence, and she had often regretted that she had not waited for him. His return had excited her; she liked his admiration and his caresses, and, at their last meeting, she had let her feelings have their way. She had been full of thoughts of that which might have been. But she had never intended being seriously

disloyal to her husband. She had come to see Joel, so she told herself, merely to bid him good-bye; to tell him that they must not meet again; and to say that she hoped he would be happy. Now she was aghast at the place where her actions had brought her. Go off with Joel? She could not dream of such a thing!

He was an honorable man, only overwrought by his love for her. He could never really think of taking her away.

"Be brave, Lucy," he said.

"I must leave you. We must part."

"Be true to yourself, Lucy."

"I should loathe myself if I did as you asked."

"You love me, my dear."

"But I'm Peter's wife."

"Peter can get another, and you shall have me for a husband."

"It can't be, Joel. We must say good-bye. I only came to say good-bye."

"We'll both say good-bye—to High Fold and Boar Dale—we'll say it together, and go away."

She drew back to the furthest corner of their retreat, and stared at him.

"Do you know what you are asking me to do?" she said, scarcely above a whisper.

"I've thought it all out; I've planned it."

"But I cannot go away with you."

"You love me," he repeated triumphantly.

"I did once," she cried, "but I'm afraid of you now. Peter would never ask a woman to do what you are asking me, no matter how much he cared for her."

Joel moved to the entrance, and stood with his back to her for a moment. The clouds were darker, the fellside more stern, the foam of the beck whiter in the waning light. But the outlook was not so wild as the picture which he saw within himself, when he turned the eye of his mind upon it.

Man never grasps the significance of his own thoughts. They cross and recross, and deal with each other often apart from his direct consciousness, and that which he has to accept is their conclusion.

Hope and despair, hate and honor—all these had filled Joel's brain, had joined forces or fought—as the case might be—and now he saw it strewn with the remains of war, where one figure stalked, and its name was hate. Then a faint light glimmered down, and he was aware of the star of love still shining overhead. There was commotion in his mind. Hate menaced the star but could not put it out.

Turning to Lucy, he said:

"Must it be good-bye?"

Her lips quivered and she nodded.

"It's a little word," he replied, "and very ill to say. I'll not say it. If you go . . . but you'll not go. Think of me, Lucy. Give a thought to the loneliness of my life. Remember how I worked to get rich for your sake. That bit of gold—have you got it?" She made a movement of assent. "We'll still have it made into a ring, and you shall wear it. You're mine in heart. Why should you be afraid to trust yourself to me? I'll take care of you, Lucy. You shall be happy, you shall be rich. You shall have everything you want, if you'll only put yourself into my keeping."

"You might give me all these things," she whispered, "but you don't understand, Joel. I should have the mind of a . . . I should be like a toad. Barbara said so."

"I knew it was Barbara, who had changed your feelings towards me," he bitterly replied.

"I do think of you," she said. "I know you will be sad and lonely. So shall I be. You do not think of me, Joel."

He looked moodily through the gathering gloom.

"The day is nearly over," he mut-

tered, "and we have made little use of it. For days I've been wanting to see you, wondering how I could bring you to the Girdlestone. Now you bid us part, and forever. Well, let us go. The sooner good-bye is said the better . . . if it must be said."

They went down the brae to the stream, which they crossed by a bridge. The long, withered branches of a wild rose dragged in the rushing water, catching hold of the flotsam that the swift current brought down, and tangling it into a mat of twigs, leaves and sheepswool.

The roar of the beck seemed to give Lucy confidence. She wiped her tears, tried to smile bravely into the gloomy face of the man by her side, and gently touched his arm.

"You'll find some one much handsomer and better than me, Joel, to be your wife."

He shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

"I've been like yon briar," she said in an undertone, "letting myself draggle in a torrent, and holding, on to all the regrets and disappointments it's brought me. But now I'll shake them off. From today, this hour, I'll lift myself up and hope that a green and blooming time will come for you as well as me."

"A green and blooming time will surely come," he replied quickly. "It's coming now. I can't let you go, Lucy. It's no use pretending that I mean to let you go. We must twine together. . . ." His looks began to get wild and his voice shook as though he were losing control of himself again. "You know the song: 'Out of her bosom there grew a red rose And out of her lover's a briar, a briar. . . .'"

But I'm talking nonsense, and frightening you."

A scared look came into her eyes. The afternoon was darkening, and it

was high time that she should be getting home, if she did not want to be benighted upon the fells. She might lose her way unless she reached the Robber's Rake before dusk.

"Good-bye, Joel," she said, her voice trembling, not only with the emotion that the words called up—for she knew that whatever more was said, good-bye must be the last word uttered between them—but she was startled by the fierce face turned upon her.

"I told you we could not say it," he muttered.

"But we must: we can't do anything else."

"Speak the truth, Lucy, do you love Peter or me best?" He took her by the shoulders, so that she must face him. "I loved you first," he cried, "long before he did. You promised yourself to me. He has no right to you."

Joel's pent up hatred burst forth. It flowed from his lips like a venomous flood upon the shrinking head of the woman. Deeper than his love for her, so it seemed, ran his hate.

"Let me go," said Lucy, "you don't know what you are saying."

"Which of us do you love best?" he continued, taking no notice of her attempts to free herself. "If you say Peter, I'll throw you into the beck—it's deep enough to drown you. But you love me best. I know it, I've always known it. Be brave, be strong, Lucy. I've got a horse waiting just beyond the dip in the road to take us away. We'll go away now, and before anyone can follow us we shall be on the seas."

He drew her along the pack-horse track in the direction that he indicated.

She struggled to free herself. She felt all the love which she had for him ooze out of her. His attitude opened her eyes, and she realized, with renewed dread, in what a dangerous position

she had placed herself. Her thoughts turned with a frantic rush towards her husband. Oh, if only his face would appear through the gloom. . . . If only she could hear his kindly voice calling to her. . . . But Peter was far away by now on the road to London. She was alone. There was no one near, no one who could help her. Joel's handsome countenance was like a nightmare: his fond words, his embraces—the idea of ever having received such expressions of love from him became suddenly repulsive.

"Let me be, Joel," she said, "or I'll call out."

He did not heed her.

"Where shall we go, Lucy," he said, "there's all the world to choose from?"

"Go where you like," she replied, "only take your hand off my shoulder."

She noticed that twilight was drawing swiftly down. In half an hour it would be night, and the clouds were already settling lower on the fells, so that the horrors of loneliness and darkness would be doubled by the bewildering presence of the mist. But she had not time to think just now of how she would get home. She must flee anywhere; she must escape from Joel, who was acting and speaking as though he had gone suddenly mad. Girdlestone Pass provided plenty of hiding places if she could only succeed in baffling him. She cast her eyes swiftly over the landscape. she must not take to the hillside—it was too steep and rough for her to hope to elude him there; she would betray herself by falling, if she did not come to a crag that she could not climb. The moorland on the left, with its brown hummocks, scrub, and mossy stones, would provide her with a surer means of escape. She never thought of Quaking Hag, she did not know where it lay, for she had rarely been in the pass before.

She wondered once if she should scream, but it was unlikely that anyone

would hear her. The Shepherd's Rest was too far off, and travelers rarely passed that way.

Every minute the dusk deepened. Joel had shifted his hand to her arm, when he found that she ceased to resist him. He was peering forward, trying

to see the horse which he had tied to a tree so that it might be in readiness.

Then Lucy bent down, and set her teeth in his hand. He gave a sharp exclamation, loosened his grasp, and she fled from him into the shadows.

(To be continued.)

"CARRY ON!"

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER IV.

UNBENDING THE BOW.

There is a certain type of English country-house female who is said to "live in her boxes." That is to say, she appears to possess no home of her own, but flits from one indulgent roof-tree to another; and owing to the fact that she is invariably put into a bedroom whose wardrobe is full of her hostess' superannuated ball-frocks and winter furs, never knows what it is to have all her "things" unpacked at once.

Well, we out here cannot be said to live in our boxes, for we do not possess any; but we do most undoubtedly live in our haversacks and packs. And this brings us to the matter in hand—namely, so-called Rest-Billets. The whole of the *hinterland* of this great trench-line is full of tired men, seeking for a place to lie down in, and living in their boxes when they find one.

At present we are indulging in such a period of repose; and we venture to think that on the whole we have earned it. Our last rest was in high summer, when we lay about under an August sun in the district round Béthune, and called down curses upon all flying and creeping insects. Since then we have undergone certain so-called "operations" in the neighborhood of Loos, and have put in three months in the Salient of Ypres. As that devout adherent of the

Roman faith, Private Reilly, of "B" Company, put it to his spiritual adviser—

"I doot we'll get excused a good slice of Purgatory for this, father!"

We came out of the Salient just before Christmas, in the midst of the mutual unpleasantness arising out of the grand attack upon the British line which was to have done so much to restore the waning confidence of the Hun. It was meant to be a big affair—a most majestic victory, in fact; but our new gas-helmets nullified the gas, and our new shells paralyzed the attack; so the Third Battle of Ypres was not yet. Still, as I say, there was considerable unpleasantness all round; and we were escorted upon our homeward way, from Sanctuary Wood to Zillebeke, and from Zillebeke to Dickebusche, by a swarm of angry and disappointed shells.

Next day we found ourselves many miles behind the firing line, once more in France, with a whole month's holiday in prospect, comfortably conscious that one could walk round a corner or look over a wall without preliminary reconnaissance or subsequent extirpation.

As for the holiday itself, unreasonable persons are not lacking to point out that it is of the 'busman's variety. It is true that we are no longer face to face with the foe, but we—or rather, the authorities—make believe that we

are. We wage mimic warfare in full marching order; we fire rifles and machine-guns upon improvised ranges; we perform hazardous feats with bombs and a dummy trench. More galling still, we are back in the region of squad-drill, physical exercises, and handling of arms—horrors of our childhood which we thought had been left safely interned at Aldershot.

But the authorities are wise. The regiment is stiff and out of condition: it is suffering from moral and intellectual "trench-feet." Heavy drafts have introduced a large and untempered element into our composition. Many of the subalterns are obviously "new-jined"—as the shrewd old lady of Ayr once observed of the rubicund gentleman at the temperance meeting. Their men hardly know them or one another by sight. The regiment must be moulded anew, and its lustre restored by the beneficent process vulgarly known as "spit and polish." So every morning we apply ourselves with thoroughness, if not enthusiasm, to tasks which remind us of last winter's training upon the Hampshire chalk.

But the afternoon and evening are a different story altogether. If we were busy in the morning, we are busier still for the rest of the day. There is football galore, for we have to get through a complete series of Divisional cup-ties in four weeks. There is also a Brigade boxing-tournament. (No, that was not where Private Tosh got his black eye: that is a souvenir of New Year's Eve.) There are entertainments of various kinds in the recreation-tent. This whistling platoon, with towels round their necks, are on their way to the nearest convent, or asylum, or Ecole des Jeunes Filles—have no fear; these establishments are untenanted!—for a bath. There, in addition to the pleasures of ablution, they will receive a partial change of raiment.

Other signs of regeneration are visible. That mysterious-looking vehicle, rather resembling one of the early locomotives exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, standing in the mud outside a farm-billet, its super-heated interior stuffed with "C" Company's blankets, is performing an unmentionable but beneficent work.

Buttons are resuming their polish; the pattern of our kilts is emerging from its superficial crust; and Church Parade is once more becoming quite a show affair.

Away to the east the guns still thunder, and at night the star-shells float tremblingly up over the distant horizon. But not for us. Not yet, that is. In a few weeks' time we shall be back in another part of the line. Till then—Company drill and Cup Ties! *Carpe diem!*

II.

It all seemed very strange and unreal to Second-Lieutenant Angus M'Lachlan, as he alighted from the train at railhead, and supervised the efforts of his solitary N.C.O. to arrange the members of his draft in a straight line. There were some thirty of them in all. Some were old hands—men from the First and Second Battalions, who had been home wounded, and had now been sent out to leaven "K(1)." Others were Special Reservists from the Third Battalion. These had been at the Depot for a long time, and some of them stood badly in need of a little active service. Others, again, were new hands altogether—the product of "K to the nth." Among these Angus M'Lachlan numbered himself, and he made no attempt to conceal the fact. The novelty of the sights around him was almost too much for his *insouciant* dignity as a commissioned officer.

Angus M'Lachlan was a son of the Manse, and incidentally a child of Nature. The Manse was a Highland Manse; and until a few months ago

Angus had never, save for a rare visit to distant Edinburgh, penetrated beyond the small town which lay four miles from his native glen, and of whose local Academy he had been "dux." When the War broke out he had been upon the point of proceeding to Edinburgh University, where he had already laid siege to a bursary, and captured the same; but all these plans, together with the plans of countless more distinguished persons, had been swept to the winds by the invasion of Belgium. On that date Angus summoned up his entire stock of physical and moral courage and informed his reverend parent of his intention to enlist for a soldier. Permission was granted with quite stunning readiness. Neil M'Lachlan believed in straight hitting both in theology and war, and was by no means displeased at the martial aspirations of his only son. If he quitted himself like a man in the forefront of battle, the boy could safely look forward to being cock of his own Kirk-Session in the years that came afterwards. One reservation the old man made. His son, as a Highland gentleman, would lead men to battle, and not merely accompany them. So the impatient Angus was bidden to apply for a Commission—his attention during the period of waiting being directed by his parent to the study of the campaigns of Joshua and the methods employed by that singular but successful strategist in dealing with the Philistine.

Angus had a long while to wait, for all the youth of England—and Scotland too—was on fire, and others nearer the fountain of honor had to be served first. But his turn came at last; and we now behold him, as typical a product of K to the *n*th as Bobby Little had been of K(1), standing at last upon the soil of France, and inquiring in a soft Highland voice for the Headquarters of our own particular Battalion.

He had half expected, half hoped, to alight from the train amidst a shower of shells, as he knew the Old Regiment had done many months before, just after the War broke out. But all he saw upon his arrival was an untidy goods yard, littered with military stores, and peopled by British privates in the *deshabille* affected by the British Army when engaged in menial tasks.

Being quite ignorant of the whereabouts of his regiment—when last heard of they had been in trenches near Ypres—and failing to recollect the existence of that autocratic but indispensable *genius loci*, the R.T.O., Angus took uneasy stock of his surroundings and wondered what to do next.

Suddenly a friendly voice at his elbow remarked—

"There's a queer lot o' bodies here-aboot, sirr."

Angus turned, to find that he was being addressed by a short, stout private of the draft, in a kilt much too big for him.

"Indeed, that is so," he replied politely. "What is your name?"

"Peter Bogle, sirr. I am frae oot of Kirkintilloch." Evidently gratified by the success of his conversational opening, the little man continued—

"I would like fine for tae get a contract oot here after the War. This country is in a terrible state o' disrepair." Then he added confidentially—

"I'm a hoose-painter tae a trade."

"I should not like to be that myself," replied Angus, whose early training as a minister's son was always causing him to forget the social gulf which is fixed between officers and the rank-and-file. "Climbing ladders makes me dizzy."

"Och, it's naething! A body gets used tae it," Mr. Bogle assured him.

Angus was about to proceed further with the discussion, when the cold and disapproving voice of the draft-sergeant announced in his ear—

"An officer wishes to speak to you, sir."

Second-Lieutenant M'Lachlan, suddenly awake to the enormity of his conduct, turned guiltily to greet the officer, while the sergeant abruptly hunted the genial Private Bogle back into the ranks.

Angus found himself confronted by an immaculate young gentleman wearing two stars. Angus, who only wore one, saluted hurriedly.

"Morning," observed the stranger. "You in charge of this draft?"

"Yes, sir," said Angus respectfully.

"Righto! You are to march them to 'A' Company billets. I'll show you the way. My name's Cockerell. Your train is late. What time did you leave the Base?"

"Indeed," replied Angus meekly, "I am not quite sure. We had barely landed when they told me the train would start at seventeen-for y. What time would that be—sir?"

"About a quarter to ten: more likely about midnight! Well, get your bunch on to the road, and—Hallo, what's the matter? Let go!"

The new officer was gripping him excitedly by the arm, and as the new officer stood six-foot-four, and was brawny in proportion, Master Cockerell's appeal was uttered in a tone of unusual sincerity.

"Look!" cried Angus excitedly. "The dogs, the dogs!"

A small cart was passing swiftly by, towed by two sturdy hounds of unknown degree. They were pulling with the feverish enthusiasm which distinguishes the Dog in the service of Man, and were being urged to further efforts by a small hatless girl carrying the inevitable large umbrella.

"All right!" explained Cockerell curtly. "Custom of the country, and all that."

The impulsive Angus apologized; and the draft, having been safely

manœuvred on to the road, formed fours and set out upon its march.

"Are the battalion in the trenches at present, sir?" inquired Angus.

"No. Rest billets two miles from here. About time, too! You'll get lot's of work to do, though."

"I shall welcome that," said Angus simply. "In the dépôt at home we were terribly idle. There is a wind-mill!"

"Yes; one sees them occasionally out here," replied Cockerell drily.

"Everything is so strange!" confessed the open-hearted Angus. "Those dogs we saw just now—the people with their sabots—the country carts, like wheelbarrows with three wheels—the little shrines at the cross-roads—the very children talking French so glibly—"

"Wonderful how they pick it up!" agreed Cockerell. But the sarcasm was lost on his companion, whose attention was now riveted upon an approaching body of infantry, about fifty strong.

"What troops are those, please?"

Cockerell knitted his brows sardonically.

"It's rather hard to tell at this distance," he said; "but I rather think they are the Grenadier Guards."

Two minutes later the procession had been met and passed. It consisted entirely of elderly gentlemen in ill-fitting khaki, clumping along upon their flat feet and smoking clay pipes. They carried shovels on their shoulders, and made not the slightest response when called upon by the soldierly old corporal who led them to give Mr. Cockerell "eyes left!" On the contrary, engaged as they were in heated controversy or amiable conversation with one another, they cut him dead.

Angus M'Lachlan said nothing for quite five minutes. Then—

"I suppose," he said almost timidly, "that those were members of a *Reserve Regiment of the Guards*?"

Cockerell, who had never outgrown certain characteristics which most of us shed upon emerging from the Lower Fourth, laughed long and loud.

"That crowd? They belong to one of the Labor Battalions. They make roads, and dig support trenches, and sling mud about generally. Wonderful old sportsmen! Pleased as Punch when a shell falls within half a mile of them. Something to write home about. What? I say, I pulled your leg that time! Here we are at Headquarters. Come and report to the C.O. Grenadier Guards! My aunt!"

Angus, although his Celtic enthusiasm sometimes led him into traps, was no fool. He soon settled down in his new surroundings, and found favor with Colonel Kemp, which was no light achievement.

"You won't find that the War, in its present stage, calls for any display of genius," the Colonel explained to Angus at their first interview. "I don't expect my officers to exhibit any quality but the avoidance of *sloppiness*. If I detail you to be at a certain spot, at a certain hour, with a certain number of men—a ration-party, or a working-party, or a burial-party, or anything you like,—all I ask is that you will be *there*, at the appointed hour, with the whole of your following. That may not sound a very difficult feat, but experience has taught me that if a man can achieve it, and can be *relied* upon to achieve it, say, nine times out of ten well, he is a pearl of price; and there is not a C.O. in the British Army who wouldn't scramble to get him! That's all, M'Lachlan. Good morning!"

By punctilious attention to this sound advice Angus soon began to build up a reputation. He treated war-worn veterans like Bobby Little with immense respect, and this, too, was counted to him for righteousness. He exercised his platoon with appalling

vigor. Upon Company route-marches he had to be embedded in some safe place in the middle of the column; in fact, his enormous stride and pedestrian enthusiasm would have reduced his followers to pulp. At Mess he was mute: like a wise man, he was feeling for his feet.

But being, like Moses, slow of tongue, he provided himself with an Aaron. Quite inadvertently, be it said. Bidden to obtain a servant for his personal needs, he selected the only man in the Battalion whose name he knew—Private Bogle, the *ci-devant* painter of houses. That friendly creature obeyed the call with alacrity. If his house-painting was no better than his valeting, then his prospects of a "contract" after the War were poor indeed; but as a Mess-waiter he was a joy forever. Despite the blood-curdling whispers of the Mess Corporal, his natural urbanity of disposition could not be stemmed. Of the comfort of others he was solicitous to the point of oppressiveness. A Mess-waiter's idea of efficiency as a rule is to stand woodenly at attention in an obscure corner of the room. When called upon, he starts forward with a jerk, and usually trips over something—probably his own feet. Not so Private Bogle.

"Wull you try another cup o' tea, Major?" he would suggest at breakfast to Major Wagstaffe, leaning affectionately over the back of his chair.

"No, thank you, Bogle," Major Wagstaffe would reply gravely.

"Weel, it's cauld onyway," Bogle would rejoin, anxious to endorse his superior's decision.

Or—in the same spirit—

"Wull I luft the soup now, sir?"

"No!"

"Varra weel: I'll jist let it bide the way it is."

Lastly, Angus M'Lachlan proved himself a useful acquisition—especially in

rest-billets—as an athlete. He arrived just in time to take part—no mean part, either—in a Rugby Football match played between the officers of two Brigades. Thanks very largely to his masterly leading of the forwards, our Brigade were preserved from defeat at the hands of their opponents, who on paper had appeared to be irresistible.

Rugby Football "oot here" is a rarity, though Association, being essentially the game of the rank-and-file, flourishes in every green field. But an Inverleith or Queen's Club crowd would have recognized more than one old friend among the thirty who took the field that day. There were those participating whose last game had been one of the spring "Internationals" in 1914, and who had been engaged in a prolonged and strenuous version of an even greater International ever since August of that fateful year. Every public school in Scotland was represented—sometimes three or four times over—and there were numerous doughty contributions from establishments south of the Tweed.

The lookers-on were in different case. They were to a man devoted—nay, frenzied—adherents of the rival code. In less spacious days they had surged in their thousands every Saturday afternoon to Ibrox, or Tynecastle, or Parkhead, there to yell themselves into convulsions—now exhorting a friend to hit some one a kick on the nose, now recommending the foe to play the game, now hoarsely consigning the referee to perdition. To these, Rugby Football—the greatest of all manly games—was a mere name. Their attitude when the officers appeared upon the field was one of indulgent superiority—the sort of superiority that a brawny pitman exhibits when his Platoon Commander steps down into a trench to lend a hand with the digging.

But in five minutes their mouths were agape with scandalized astonish-

ment; in ten, the heavens were rent with their protesting cries. Accustomed to see football played with the feet, and to demand with one voice the instant execution of any player (on the other side) who laid so much as a finger upon the ball or the man who was playing it, the exhibition of savage and promiscuous brutality to which their superior officers now treated them shocked the assembled spectators to the roots of their sensitive souls. Howls of virtuous indignation burst forth upon all sides.

When the three-quarterbacks brought off a brilliant passing run, there were stern cries of "Haands, there, referee!" When Bobby Little stopped an ugly rush by hurling himself on the ball, the supporters of the other Brigade greeted his heroic devotion with yells of execration. When Angus M'Lachlan saved a certain try by tackling a speedy wing three-quarter low and bringing him down with a crash, a hundred voices demanded his removal from the field. And when Mr. Waddell, playing a stuffy but useful game at half, gained fifty yards for his side by a series of judicious little kicks into touch, the spectators groaned aloud, and remarked caustically—

"This maun be a Cup-Tie, boys! They are playin' for a draw, for tae get a second gate!"

Altogether a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, both for players and spectators. And so home to tea, domesticity, and social intercourse. In this connection it may be noted that our relations with the inhabitants are of the friendliest. On the stroke of six—oh yes, we have our licensing restrictions out here too!—half a dozen kilted warriors stroll into the farm-kitchen, and mumble affably to Madame—

"Bone sworr! Beer?"

Francee boasts one enormous advantage over Scotland. At home, you

have at least to walk to the corner of the street to obtain a drink: "oot here" you can purchase beer in practically every house in a village. The French licensing laws are a thing of mystery, but the system appears roughly to be this. Either you possess a license, or you do not. If you do, you may sell beer, and nothing else. If you do not, you may—or at any rate do—sell anything you like, including beer.

However, we have left our friends thirsty.

Their wants are supplied with cheerful alacrity, and, having been accommodated with seats round the stove, they converse with the family. Heaven only knows what they talk about, but talk they do—in the throaty unintelligible Doric of the Clydeside, with an occasional Gallicism, like, "Allyman no bon!" or "Compree?" thrown in as a sop to foreign idiosyncrasies. Madame and family respond, chattering French (or Flemish) at enormous speed. The amazing part of it all is that neither side appears to experience the slightest difficulty in understanding the other. One day Mr. Waddell, in the course of a friendly chat with his hostess of the moment—she was unable to speak a word of English—received her warm congratulations upon his contemplated union with a certain fair one of St. Andrew (to whom reference has previously been made in these pages). Mr. Waddell, a very fair linguist, replied in suitable but embarrassed terms, and asked for the source of the good lady's information.

"Mais votre ordonnance, m'sieur!" was the reply.

Tackled upon the subject, the "ordonnance" in question, Waddell's servant—a shock-headed youth from Dundee—admitted having communicated the information; and added—

"She's a decent body, sirr, the lady o' the hoose. She lost her husband,

she was tellin' me, three years ago. She has twa sons in the Airmy. Her auld Auntie is up at the top o' the hoose—lyin' badly, and no expectin' tae rise."

And yet some people study Esperanto!

We also make ourselves useful. "K(1)" contains members of every craft. If the pig-sty door is broken, a carpenter is forthcoming to mend it. Somebody's elbow goes through a pane of glass in the farm-kitchen: straightway a glazier materializes from the nearest platoon, and puts in another. The ancestral eight-day clock of the household develops internal complications; and is forthwith dismembered and re-assembled, "with punctuality, civility, and despatch," by a gentleman who until a few short months ago had done nothing else for fifteen years.

And it was in this connection that Corporal Mucklewame stumbled on to a rare and congenial job, and incidentally made the one joke of his life.

One afternoon a cow, the property of Madame *la fermiere*, developed symptoms of some serious disorder. A period of dolorous bellowing was followed by an outburst of homicidal mania, during which "A" Company prudently barricaded itself into the barn, the sufferer having taken entire possession of the farmyard. Next, and finally—so rapidly did the malady run its course—a state of coma intervened; and finally the cow, collapsing upon the doorstep of the Officers' Mess, breathed her last before anyone could be found to point out to her the liberty she was taking.

It was decided to hold a *post-mortem*—firstly, to ascertain the cause of death; secondly, because it is easier to remove a dead cow after dissection than before. Madame therefore announced her intention of sending for the butcher, and was upon the point of doing so when Corporal Mucklewame,

in whose heart, at the spectacle of the stark and lifeless corpse, ancient and romantic memories were stirring—it may be remembered that before answering to the call of "K(1)" Mucklewame had followed the calling of butcher's assistant at Wishaw—volunteered for the job. His services were cordially accepted by thrifty Madame; and the Corporal, surrounded by a silent and admiring crowd, set to work.

The officers, leaving the Junior Subaltern in charge, went with one accord for a long country walk.

Half an hour later Mucklewame arrived at the seat of the deceased animal's trouble—the seat of most of the troubles of mankind—its stomach. After a brief investigation, he produced therefrom a small bag of nails, recently missed from the vicinity of a cook-house in course of construction in the corner of the yard.

Abandoning the role of surgical expert for that of coroner, Mucklewame held the trophy aloft, and delivered his verdict—

"There, boys! That's what comes of eating your iron ration without authority!"

III.

Here is an average billet, and its personnel.

The central feature of our residence is the refuse-pit, which fills practically the whole of the rectangular farmyard, and resembles (in size and shape *only*) an open-air swimming bath. Its abundant contents are apparently the sole asset of the household; for if you proceed in the interests of health, to spread a decent mantle of honest earth thereover, you do so to the accompaniment of a harmonized chorus of lamentation, very creditably rendered by the entire family, who are grouped *en masse* about the spot where the high diving-board ought to be.

Round this perverted place of ablution runs a stone ledge, some four feet

wide, and round that again run the farm buildings—the house at the top end, a great barn down one side, and the cowhouse, together with certain darksome piggeries and fowl-houses, down the other. These latter residences are only occupied at night, their tenants preferring to spend the golden hours of day in profitable occupation upon the happy hunting ground in the middle.

Within the precincts of this already overcrowded establishment are lodged some two hundred British soldiers and their officers. The men sleep in the barn, their meals being prepared for them upon the Company cooker, which stands in the muddy road outside, and resembles the humble vehicle employed by Urban District Councils for the preparation of tar for road-mending purposes. The officers occupy any room which may be available within the farmhouse itself. The Company Commander has the best bedroom—a low-roofed, stone-floored apartment, with a very small window and a very large bed. The subalterns sleep where they can—usually in the *grenier*, a loft under the tiles, devoted to the storage of onions and the drying, during the winter months, of the family washing, which is suspended from innumerable strings stretched from wall to wall.

For a Mess, there is usually a spare apartment of some kind. If not, you put your pride in your pocket and take your meals at the kitchen table, at such hours as the family are not sitting humped round the same with their hats on, partaking of soup or coffee. (This appears to be their sole sustenance.) A farm-kitchen in Northern France is a scrupulously clean place—the whole family gets up at half-past four in the morning and sees to the matter—and despite the frugality of her own home menu, the *fermiere* can produce you a perfect omelette at any hour of the day or night.

This brings us to the kitchen-stove, which is a marvel. No massive and extravagant English ranges here! There is only one kind: we call it the Coffin and Flower-pot. The coffin—small, black, and highly polished—projects from the wall about four feet, the further end being supported by what looks like an ornamental black flower-pot standing on a pedestal. The coffin is the oven, and the flower-pot is the stove. Given a handful of small coal or charcoal, Madame appears capable of keeping it at work all day, and of boiling, baking, or roasting you innumerable dishes.

Then there is the family. Who or what they all are, and where they all sleep, is a profound mystery. The family tree is usually headed by a decrepit and ruminant old gentleman in a species of yachting-cap. He sits behind the stove—not exactly with one foot in the grave, but with both knees well up against the coffin—and occasionally offers a mumbled observation of which no one takes the slightest notice. Sometimes, too, there is an old, a very old, lady. Probably she is some one's grandmother, or great-grandmother, but she does not appear to be related to the old gentleman. At least, they never recognize one another's existence in any way.

There are also vague people who possess the power of becoming invisible at will. They fade in and out of the house like wraiths: their one object in life appears to be to efface themselves as much as possible. Madame refers to them as "*refugies*": this the sophisticated Mr. Cockerell translates, "German spies."

Next in order come one or two farm-hands—usually addressed as "'Nri'" and "'Seph!'" They are not as a rule either attractive in appearance or desirable in character. Every man in this country, who is a man, is away, as a matter of course, doing a man's only

possible duty under the circumstances. This leaves 'Nri and 'Seph, who through physical or mental shortcomings are denied the proud privilege, and shamble about in the muck and mud of the farm, leering or grumbling, while Madame exhorts them to further activity from the kitchen door. They take their meals with the family: where they sleep no one knows. External evidence suggests the cowhouse.

Then, the family. First, Angèle. She may be twenty-five, but is more probably fifteen. She acts as Adjutant to Madame, and rivals her mother as deliverer of sustained and rapid recitative. She milks the cows, feeds the pigs, and dragoons her young brothers and sisters. But though she works from morning till night, she has always time for a smiling salutation to all ranks. She also speaks English quite creditably—a fact of which Madame is justly proud. "Collège!" explains the mother, full of appreciation for an education which she herself has never known, and taps her learned daughter affectionately upon the head.

Next in order comes Emile. He must be about fourteen, but War has forced manhood on him. All day long he is at work, bullying very large horses, digging, hoeing, even ploughing. He is very much a boy, for all that. He whistles excruciatingly—usually English music-hall melodies—grins sheepishly at the officers, and is prepared at any moment to abandon the most important tasks, in order to watch a man cleaning a rifle or oiling a machine-gun. We seem to have encountered Emile in other countries than this.

After Emile, Gabrielle. Her age is probably seven. If you were to give her a wash and brush-up, dress her in a gauzy frock, and exchange her thick woolen stockings and wooden sabots for silk and dancing slippers, she would make a very smart little fairy. Even in her native state she is a most at-

tractive young person, of an engaging coyness. If you say: "Bonjour, Gabrielle!" she whispers: "B'jour, M'sieur le Capitaine"—or, "M'sieur le Caporal"; for she knows all badges of rank—and hangs her head demurely. But presently, if you stand quite still and look the other way, Gabrielle will sidle up to you and squeeze your hand. This is gratifying, but a little subversive of strict discipline if you happen to be inspecting your platoon at the moment.

Gabrielle is a firm favorite with the rank and file. Her particular crony is one Private Mackay, an amorphous youth with flaming red hair. He and Gabrielle engage in lengthy conversations, which appear to be perfectly intelligible to both, though Mackay speaks with the solemn unction of the Aberdonian, and Gabrielle prattles at express speed in a *patois* of her own. Last week some unknown humorist, evidently considering that Gabrielle was not making sufficient progress in her knowledge of English, took upon himself to give her a private lesson. Next morning Mackay, on sentry duty at the farm gate, espied his little friend peeping round a corner.

"Hey, Garibell!" he observed cheerfully. (No Scottish private ever yet mastered a French name quite completely.)

Gabrielle, anxious to exhibit her new accomplishment, drew nearer, smiled seraphically, and replied—

"Ello, Gingeair!"

Last of the bunch comes Petit Jean, a chubby and close-cropped youth of about six. Petit Jean is not his real name, as he himself indignantly explained when so addressed by Major Wagstaffe.

"Moi, z'ne suis pas Petit Jean; z'suis Maurrice!"

Major Wagstaffe apologized most humbly, but the name stuck.

Petit Jean is an enthusiast upon matters military. He possesses a little wooden rifle, the gift of a friendly "Ecosais," tipped with a flashing bayonet cut from a biscuit-tin; and spends most of his time out upon the road, waiting for some one to salute. At one time he used to stand by the sentry, with an ancient glengarry crammed over his bullet head, and conform meticulously to his comrade's slightest movement. This procedure was soon banned, as being calculated to bring contempt and ridicule upon the King's uniform, and Petit Jean was assigned a beat of his own. Behold him upon sentry-go.

A figure upon horseback swings round the bend in the road.

"Here's an officer, Johnny!" cries a friendly voice from the farm gate.

Petit Jean, as upright as a post, brings his rifle from stand-at-ease to the order, and from the order to the slope, with the epileptic jerkiness of a marionette, and scrutinizes the approaching officer for stars and crowns. If he can discern nothing but a star or two, he slaps the small of his butt with ferocious solemnity; but if a crown, or a red hatband, reveals itself, he blows out his small chest to its fullest extent and presents arms. If the salute is acknowledged—as it nearly always is—Petit Jean is crimson with gratification. Once, when a friendly subaltern called his platoon to attention, and gave the order, "Eyes right!" upon passing the motionless little figure at the side of the road, Petit Jean was so uplifted that he committed the military crime of deserting his post while on duty—in order to run home and tell his mother about it.

Last of all we arrive at the keystone of the whole fabric—Madame herself. She is one of the most wonderful women in the world. Consider. Her husband and her eldest son are away—fighting, she knows not where, amid

dangers and privations which can only be imagined. During their absence she has to manage a considerable farm, with the help of her children and one or two hired laborers of more than doubtful use or reliability. In addition to her ordinary duties as a parent and *fermiere*, she finds herself called upon, for months on end, to maintain her premises as a combination of barracks and almshouse. Yet she is seldom cross—except possibly when the *soldats* steal her apples and pelt the pigs with the cores—and no accumulations of labor can sap her energy. She is up by half-past four every morning; yet she never appears anxious to go to bed at night. The last sound which sleepy subalterns hear is Madame's voice, uplifted in steady discourse to the circle round the stove, sustained by an occasional guttural chord from 'Nri and 'Seph. She has been doing this, day in, day out, since the combatants settled down to trench-warfare. Every few weeks brings a fresh crop of tenants, with fresh peculiarities and unknown proclivities; and she assimilates them all.

The only approach to a breakdown comes when, after paying her little bill—you may be sure that not an omelette nor a broken window will be missing from the account—and wishing her "Bonne chance!" ere you depart, you venture on a reference, in a few awkward, stumbling sentences, to the absent husband and son. Then she weeps, copiously, and it seems to do her a world of good. All hail to you, Madame—the finest exponent, in all this War, of the art of Carrying On! We know now why France is such a great country.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MEN O' MYSTERY.

There is probably no countryside which is sufficiently far from a great town to make it a real countryside with all the appurtenances thereof, that has not got its man of mystery, and very often (though the fully credited witch is rare today) its woman of mystery. It is in the study of these characters that one touches the real nature of the district. They represent, no doubt in an exaggerated form, the peculiar characteristics that the environment and daily life of the place has stamped into the souls of the people. In most of the population these characteristics are hidden from any but the very intimate observer by shyness, by a small vocabulary, by little leisure, and by fatigue during such leisure as there is. Every now and again, however, an exceptional creature is born, who knows neither real shyness nor fatigue, who has a gift of humor, and a considerable vocabulary. In him or her the native characteristics shine, too obviously perhaps;

but in such a fashion as to give a key, if one will but use it, to the inner hearts of all the people. The very brightness of these men's natures makes, in most cases, steady agricultural toil impossible, though they work hard enough in their own mysterious ways. They are not rogues or vagabonds, though they have often been so classed, and are, indeed, the link between the merry tramp and the folk *adscripti glebae*. For the most part they have a private profession which they pursue in earnest in addition to the more or less casual farm labor which gives them a rooted place in the entirely respectable, sturdy society to which they belong, and which at heart they love. These private professions vary according to locality, but may be broadly classed as in some form or fashion either botanical or faunal. They gather mushrooms and strange roots and herbs of rare kinds, specimens of much sought-for plants and flowers; they find, too, strange

beasts for strange markets, such as public and private zoos; they poach for bird and fish; they are the secret hand-men of masters of hunts; they are the real lords of nature as we know it in out-of-the-way England. It is strange that so bald a sentence as this should raise so many sights and scenes and dreams in the mind of those who know the type. It seems a simple thing just to find and gather and take to market things licit and illicit. But it is not simple, and it is a joy that probably transcends in the doer most of the joys that human beings find in daily life.

To unlock the doors of nature seems to be our goal here. To the mathematician and the scientist, working in study or laboratory, there is a rare and wonderful joy as law reveals itself and acts as a key to a new puzzle, a new mystery unsuspected till the old mystery is solved. Such men lead a life that is quite apart from their common life in the work-a-day, rest-a-bit world. In that other life the transcendental side of their nature comes to light, and they dwell in a world that is pure thought and pure æsthetic combined, something wonderful and lovely, from which they turn with a sigh to serve necessity. To the man o' mystery in the wild countryside there are likewise two lives: the one that he lives with his fellows, a life full of earnestness, not devoid of pleasure or interest, a life that for its physical and intellectual enjoyment centers round that quite admirable club, the *Anchor in Hope*, where on Saturday nights ploughmen and shepherds meet and talk of peace and war, and recreate themselves with the noble games of darts and dominoes and up-codd'em and drink the rather thin, and, to be strictly accurate, the very infrequent, local beer. There is much to be said for the life of an agricultural laborer. It is infinitely more interesting than that of a town worker, and under a good master the laborer is far

happier than men in towns earning five times the money. Every farmer who loves his men, and therefore farms successfully, will confirm the fact. Intercourse with nature is full of surprises, gives scope for judgment, and for the prophetic spirit, devoted in towns to gambling; is healthy, and on the whole, hopeful. This is the work-a-day, rest-a-bit life of the man o' mystery. He cannot do without it and would not do without it. It is his "earth here," and he is an intrinsic part of the life. But he has his earthly heaven and his transcendental life besides, and though it makes him an unreliable, or even a merely casual, farm hand, and though his fellows secretly look askance at him while he affords them infinite merriment, yet he cannot do without this other life, and he seeks it late and early; very late and very early, when the owl is going to bed and the lark is getting up, and *vice versa*. He can tread on a twig without cracking it; he can deceive the owl with his call, the fox with his bark, the peewit with his cry. He is a man of deceit and knowledge, and devious are his ways. The badger and the grass-snake are friends of his, and he has seen the cuckoo carrying eggs to a strange home. He is lord of the woods, the meadow, and the stream, the teller of tales, the master of folk-lore, the weather-prophet, the lover of children, the favorite (despite all suspicions) of the farm kitchen and its young men and maidens, when the wind shrieks round the farm on a winter's Saturday night, and suddenly he appears out of the tempest—a man o' mystery, with bright eyes and even voice, greeting them from the unknown, and bearing gifts from the wild: a hare, a salmon, or a pheasant it may be, or haply only such mushrooms as never were.

Come in with him for a moment; or, better still, be such a farm visitor and such a friend of his that when he sees

you he greets you with a special smile, and makes ready to tell you something that he knows you want to know, some secret of the "blasted heath." The scene is one to stir the imagination. The great stone-floored kitchen is alive with firelight, which, flashing on many faces with moments of comparative darkness, gives *chiaroscuro* effects that suggest witchery. The great chimney is a place of mystery, with many things hidden in its dark recesses. The raftered roof is dark and hard with wood peat smoke, and harbors mysterious packages hung aloft to dry. Above the wooden table near the window that looks into the huge farmyard, hangs a lamp that shines down on the mistress of the farm, mending great stockings; a pleasant, rather stern face, that lightens up as Fred Harrage glides in. Across the kitchen from the window is the door into the fresh, white dairy, where great pans of milk await skimming in the morning. Close to the fire is the farmer, a vast, dark man of few words and sober mind, but with a gift of humor. In a half-circle from him round the fire are several farm hands, some boys apprenticed to the land, two sons—still boys, two older daughters, a dairymaid, and a friend from the farm across Close Lane. All turn as Fred enters with his greeting: "Good evenin', friends; a capful o' rain before morning, I think. The wind is talking about rain in Blackwood tonight." "Have you just come through Blackwood, this night o' all nights? I wouldn't go through that there wood night-time at all, I tell you, Fred. Did you see it?" "Why not?" said Fred, unbuttoning a coat that was a maze of huge pockets, drawing from one of them, with the hand of a master, a hare still warm and pathetic, and placing the same with an air of assumed modesty on the table before Mrs. Multon. "Why not? 'Tis a moonshiny night. But I did see it.

"Twor a white stag in my judgment." "'Tis the Devil they do say," said Mrs. Multon, "and all do know that it did gore a score o' sheep last Lammas, as well as old Mrs. Zippin's white donkey." "Nonsense, maids' and owd 'ooman's tales," said Mr. Multon. "There wor no sheep gored to speak of last Lammas, save two that wor caught by t' owd cow. The white donkey wor gored by a loose fence. There is no sense in this talk."

"I believe in the beast," said Mrs. Multon, "but them as have seen it do know best. Tell us all that you did see, Fred." "'Twor like this," said Fred, as he stretched his gaitered legs before the fire and quaffed home-brewed ale after a stout attack on excellent bread, cheese, and butter. "And, mind you, I do think that theer be nothing mysterious in it, save what do be mysterious everlastingly in Nature and the blessed woods."

Then Fred, his left hand playing in his grizzled short beard, and a dreamy look shining out of the strange round pale blue eyes, eyes that made the pale face seem something quite out of the common run of human faces, discoursed at large on the mysteries of nature and this mystery in particular. It was when he was in this mood that all the countryside loved him, for he said what all the men and women thought but could not say.

"I do feel the spring already, although it be not Valentine's day yet," he said quietly. "I do feel restless, and so do the white stag. He and I be old friends. He did chase I this night in Blackwood, and I did laugh right up to the moon when he did catch me outside the great thickets by Bramworthy Farm, and while I did laugh he did breathe on me and grunt, and rub his great wet nose down my coat. Zee." And he showed a long snail-like stain down the old brown coat. "'Tis a fine stag, but he be different to

the other deer, as I be different to other men."

"No, no, Fred, you only see more."

"I be different, and that is why the lonely stag and lonely me do have runs together and, in manner of speaking, talk together. You see he knows I know the moor better than he do know it. First he grew wild when he saw me skipping along where he knew he dare not go, and then he said to himself, where I could go he could go. So he took to following me on dark nights when he feeds down in the valley, and then when he found that I was a friend, he took to chasing I, and I took to chasing he; and when I led him into a bog he was angry at first and bellowed, and then he laughed. Tonight I laughed right up at the moon when he stamped his little feet beside me, and so he snorted and trotted off to pasture. Nature is full of mystery. I do know a badger even better than the stag. I did catch him when he was a young badger, a little fluffy creature, and I did teach him manners and my whistle." Here Fred gave his whistle, a weird, thin, penetrating sound. "And now I can go down into Blackwood and sit and whistle, and presently, if the moon is up, there is the tiniest rustle a little way off, and presently a great badger jumps on my chest as I lay under the moon, and often he brings me a present to give folk. He brought this for Mr. Multon tonight," and out of another amazing pocket Fred produced a pheasant most certainly killed by a badger.

"'Tes horrible if true, Mr. Fred," said the dairymaid, and a genial air of disbelief, mingled with a frank dread of truth, spread round the kitchen. But Mr. Multon was the believer this time. "Why should not other beasts besides cat and dog be friends with man? But 'tis sad waste o' time, Fred," said he; "and you such a farm hand as none other is if you but choose." "I do

love the woods and streams, Robert," he quietly replied. "They be wife, and children, and relations, and friends to me. I do love them, and so do you all love them. I am your messenger to them. I did meet two other creatures o' Nature this night." "Human," added he dreamily. A new eagerness ran round the kitchen. This was a night of nights. All knew whom he meant. If these two were added to the party, the cups of life would be full, and a late Saturday night would crown the week.

"I met 'Three Strides,' with his basket on his back, by the bridge top o' the moor just at sunset, and who should be with him but Humpty, both out for the herb man of the city, who is making a new wonderful medicine for rheumatism, and needs that little herb which only grows just above here, and only Three Strides and Humpty can find. They could find none tonight. 'Tes early for it, and all there was I had had for my own rheumatism which, what with stags and badgers, and hares and salmon, has been in a bad way this winter," and the pale, bearded man laughed quietly, while Mrs. Multon exclaimed indignantly, "'Tes a shame depriving two owd men o' their living. But, hark! here they are." And sure enough in there came two of the strangest creatures of Nature, and two of the gentlest that ever lived. So tall was "Three Strides" that he bent as he entered the lofty door, and even then his wicker basket scraped the lintel. So short was Humpty that he looked like an old little shock-headed boy as he came behind his friend. "A sup and a bit," cried the lean giant with scraggled gray beard as he entered, "and then a flash o' the fiddle, and so to the hay loft, neighbor, after a fruitless day o' the moor." All were on their feet in a moment except Fred, who, having seen them that day before, nodded only, and smiled behind his

mighty hand which hid the flickering fire from his pale mysterious face. But if he was a man of mystery, his fellows of the moor stirred the sense of incomparable knowledge far more deeply. It is true that "Three Strides" had been baffled by the craft of the first-comer, but all knew that he was the king of all magicians, this mighty man with the deep-set eyes of even a paler blue than Fred could show, with the emaciated ascetic face trimmed with thin straggling beard, the splendid forehead, the tireless frame. To him Fred was a child; he could, though over eighty, out-walk him, out-think him, and could tell tales of fairy folk on the green that made children throng around. It was not an unknown scene for "Three Strides" to be found a stone's throw from the school seated on the summer turf with a class round him learning more in half an hour than could be won in a month of regular schooling. And he had one gift that no other magician in that country had, the magic of the fiddle. And Humpty, the little lynx-eyed Humpty, was his familiar. If the moorland talks between these two could be revealed, as they may be one day, new light would be cast on the mysteries of Nature. "Three Strides" kept his fiddle at this farm, and soon a scene that some great

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Dutch painter might have unfolded arose. "Three Strides" was making music flow from the strings: his own music, reminiscences of the sounds of wood and fell and river through seventy years of memoried life. Surely in some such way folk-music arose. The flare of the fire fell on the group of faces turned towards the Paganini of the woods. Earnest indeed were these, for the musician was revealing all the hidden yearnings of their hearts, all the deep inwardness of their natures. The sounds were words to them; he brought these children into that wonderful other life which he had found, and as the firelight rose and fell, with it fell and rose the sighs of the unimprisoned. Something like a sob came from the youngest of these three men as the thin sweet voice of Humpty broke out with the refrain:—

Come to the woods, the woods of spring,
Where the first cowslips peep,
There will we sing, there will we sing,
In sight of folded sheep.

Suddenly Fred fumbled in his coat, and as the violin and the voice ceased he gave the old giant a bundle of green herbs. "I *knew* thou'd been there," the old man said, "and I came to fetch 'em with my fiddle." And so to bed in the loft of scented hay.

J. E. G. de M.

THE FEAR OF FEAR.

"In a charge," said the Sergeant, "the 'Hotwater Guards' don't think about going back till there's none of them left to go back; and you can always remember this: if you go forward you *may* die, if you go back you *will* die."

The memory of that phrase came back to Private Everton, tramping down the dark road to the firing-line. Just because he had no knowledge of how he himself would behave in this

his baptism of fire, just because he was in deadly fear that he would feel fear, or, still worse, show it, he strove to fix that phrase firmly in front of his mind. "If I can remember that," he thought, "it will stop me going back, anyway," and he repeated: "If you go back you *will* die, if you go back you *will* die," over and over.

It is true that for all his repetition, when a field battery, hidden close by

the side of the road on which they marched, roared in a sudden and ear-splitting salvo of six guns, for the instant he thought he was under fire and that a huge shell had burst somewhere desperately close to them. He had jumped, his comrades assured him afterwards, a clear foot and a half off the ground, and he himself remembered that his first involuntary glance and thought flashed to the deep ditch that ran alongside the road.

When he came to the trenches, at last, and filed down the narrow communication-trench and into his Company's appointed position in the deep ditch with a narrow platform along its front that was the forward fire-trench, he remembered with unpleasant clearness that instinctive start and thought of taking cover. By that time he had actually been under fire, had heard the shells rush over him and the shattering noise of their burst; had heard the bullets piping and humming and hissing over the communication and firing-trenches. He took a little comfort from the fact that he had not felt any great fear then, but he had to temper that by the admission that there was little to be afraid of there in the shelter of the deep trench. It was what he would do and feel when he climbed out of cover on to the exposed and bullet-swept flat before the trench that he was in doubt about; for the Hotwaters had been told that at nine o'clock there was to be a brief but intense bombardment on a section of trench in front of them which had been captured from us the day before, and which after several counter-attacks had failed, was to be taken that morning by this battalion of Hotwaters.

At half-past eight, nobody entering their trench would have dreamed that the Hotwaters were going into a serious action in half an hour. The men were lounging about, squatting on the firing-step, chaffing and talking—laughing

even—quite easily and naturally; some were smoking, and others had produced biscuits and bully beef from their haversacks and were calmly eating their breakfast.

Everton felt a glow of pride as he looked at them. These men were his friends, his fellows, his comrades: they were of the Hotwater Guards—his regiment, and his battalion. He had heard often enough that the Guards Brigades were the finest brigades in the Army, that this particular brigade was the best of all the Guards, that his battalion was the best of the Brigade. Hitherto he had rather deprecated these remarks as savoring of pride and self-conceit, but now he began to believe that they must be true; and so believing, if he had but known it, he had taken another long step on the way to becoming the perfect soldier, who firmly believes his regiment the finest in the world and is ready to die in proof of the belief.

"Dusty Miller," the next file on his left, who was eating bread and cheese, spoke to him.

"Why don't you eat some grub, Toffee?" he mumbled cheerfully with his mouth full. "In a game like this you never know when you'll get the next chance of a bite."

"Don't feel particularly hungry," answered Toffee with an attempt to appear as off-handed and casual and at ease as his questioner. "So I think I'd better save my ration until I'm hungry."

Dusty Miller sliced off a wedge of bread with the knife edge against his thumb, popped it in his mouth, and followed it with a corner of cheese.

"A-ah!" he said profoundly, and still munching. "There's no sense in saving rations when you're going into action. I'd a chum once that always did that; said he got more satisfaction out of a meal when the job was over, and he was real hungry, and had a chance to eat in comfort—more or less comfort.

And one day we was for it he saved a tin o' sardines and a big chunk of cake and a bottle of pickled onions that had just come to him from home the day before; said he was looking forward to a good feed that night after the show was over. And—and he was killed that day"

Dusty Miller halted there with the inborn artistry that left his climax to speak for itself.

"Hard luck!" said Toffee sympathetically. "So his feed was wasted."

"Not to say wasted exactly," said Dusty resuming bread and cheese. "Because I remembers to this day how good them onions was. Still it was wasted, far as he was concerned—and he was particular fond o' pickled onions."

But even the prospect of wasting his rations did nothing to induce Toffee to eat a meal. The man on Toffee's right was crouched back on the firing-step apparently asleep or near it. Dusty Miller had turned and opened a low-toned conversation with the next man, the frequent repetition of "I says" and "she says" affording some clue to the thread of his story and inclining Toffee to believe it not meant for him to hear. He felt he must speak to someone, and it was with relief that he saw Halliday, the man on his other side, rouse himself and look up. Something about Toffee's face caught his attention.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, leaning forward and speaking quietly. "This is your first charge, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Toffee, "I'm all right. I—I think I'm all right."

The other moved slightly on the firing-step, leaving a little room, and Toffee took this as an invitation to sit down. Halliday continued to speak in low tones that were not likely to pass beyond his listener's ear.

"Don't you get scared," he said. "You've nothing much to be scared about."

He threw a little emphasis, and Toffee fancied a little envy, into the "you."

"I'm not scared exactly," said Toffee. "I'm sort of wondering what it will be like."

"I know," said Halliday, "I know; and who should, if I didn't? But I can tell you this—you don't need to be afraid of shells, you don't need to be afraid of bullets, and least of all is there any need to be afraid of the cold iron when the Hotwaters get into the trench. You don't need to be afraid of being wounded, because that only means home and a hospital and a warm dry bed; you don't need to be afraid of dying, because you've got to die some day, anyhow. There's only one thing in this game to be afraid of, and there isn't many finds that in their first engagement. It's the ones like me that get it."

Toffee glanced at him curiously and in some amazement. Now that he looked closely, he could see that, despite his easy loungeful attitude and steady voice, and apparently indifferent look, there was something odd and unexplainable about Halliday: some faintest twitching of his lips, a shade of pallor on his cheek, a hunted look deep at the back of his eyes. Everton tried to speak lightly.

"And what is it, that the likes o' you get?"

Halliday's voice sank to little more than a whisper. "It's the fear o' fear," he said steadily. "Maybe, you think you know what that is, that you feel it yourself. You know what I mean, I suppose?"

Toffee nodded. "I think so," he said. "What I fear myself is that I'll be afraid and show that I'm afraid, that I'll do something rotten when we get out up there."

He jerked his head up and back towards the open where the rifles sputtered and the bullets whistled querulously.

"There's plenty fear that," admitted Halliday, "before their first action; but mostly it passes the second they leave cover and can't protect themselves and have to trust to whatever there is outside themselves to bring them through. You don't know the beginning of how bad the fear o' fear can be till you have seen dozens of your mates killed, till you've had death no more than touch you scores of times—like I have."

"But you don't mean to tell me," said Toffee incredulously, "that you are afraid of yourself, that you can't trust yourself now? Why, I've heard said often that you're one of the coolest under fire, and that you don't know what fear is!"

"It's a good reputation to have if you can keep it," said Halliday. "But it makes it worse if you can't."

"I wish," said Toffee enviously, "I was as sure of keeping it as you are to-day."

Halliday pulled his hand from his pocket and held it beside him where only Toffee could see it. It was quivering like a flag-halliard in a stiff breeze. He thrust it back in his pocket.

"Doesn't look too sure, does it?" he said grimly. "And my heart is shaking a sight worse than my hand."

He was interrupted by the arrival of a group of German shells on and about the section of trench they were in. One burst on the rear lip of the trench, spattering earth and bullets about them and leaving a choking reek swirling and eddying along the trench. There was silence for an instant, and then an officer's voice called from the rear traverse. "Is anybody hit there?" A sergeant shouted back "No, sir," and was immediately remonstrated with by an indignant private busily engaged in scraping the remains of a mud clod from his eye.

"You might wait a minute, Sergeant," he said, "afore you reports no casualties, just to give us time to look

round and count if all our limbs is left on. And I've serious doubts at this minute whether my eye is in its right place or bulging out the back o' my head; anyway, it feels as if an eight-inch Krupp had bumped fair into it."

When the explosion came, Toffee Everton had instinctively ducked and crouched, but he noticed that Halliday never moved or gave a sign of the nearness of any danger. Toffee remarked this to him

"And I don't see," he confessed, "where that fits in with this hand-and-heart shaking o' yours."

Halliday looked at him curiously.

"If that was the worst," he said, "I could stand it. It isn't. It isn't the beginning of the least of the worst. If it had fell in the trench, now, and mucked up half a dozen men, there'd have been something to squeal about. That's the sort o' thing that breaks a man up—your own mates that was talking to you a minute afore, ripped to bits and torn to ribbons. I've seen nothing left of a whole live man but a pair o' burnt boots. I've seen——" He stopped abruptly and shivered a little. "I'm not going to talk about it," he said. "I think about it and see it too often in my dreams as it is. And, besides," he went on, "I didn't duck that time, because I've learned enough to know it's too late to duck when the shell bursts a dozen yards from you. I'm not so much afraid of dying, either. I've got to die, I've little doubt, before this war is out; I don't think there's a dozen men in this battalion that came out with it in the beginning and haven't been home sick or wounded since. I've seen one-half the battalion wiped out in one engagement and built up with drafts, and the other half wiped out in the next scrap. We've lost fifty and sixty and seventy per cent of our strength at different times, and I've come through it all without a scratch. Do you suppose I don't know it's against

reason for me to last out much longer? But I'm not afraid o' that. I'm not afraid of the worst death I've seen a man die—and that's something pretty bad, believe me. What I'm afraid of is myself, of my nerve cracking, of my doing something that will disgrace the Regiment."

The man's nerves were working now; there was a quiver of excitement in his voice, a grayer shade on his cheek, a narrowing and a restless movement of his eyes, a stronger twitching of his lips. More shells crashed sharply; a little along the line a gust of rifle-bullets swept over and into the parapet; a Maxim rap-rap-rapped and its bullets spat hailing along the parapet above their heads.

Halliday caught his breath and shivered again.

"That," he said—"that is one of the devils we've got to face presently." His eyes glanced furtively about him. "God!" he muttered, "if I could only get out of this! 'Tisn't fair, I tell ye, it isn't fair to ask a man that's been through what I have to take it on again, knowing that if I do come through, 'twill be the same thing to go through over and over until they get me; or until my own sergeant shoots me for refusing to face it."

Everton had listened in amazed silence—an understanding utterly beyond him. He knew the name that Halliday bore in the regiment, knew that he was seeing and hearing more than Halliday perhaps had ever shown or told to anyone. Shamefacedly and self-consciously, he tried to say something to console and hearten the other man, but Halliday interrupted him roughly.

"That's it!" he said bitterly. "Go on! Pat me on the back and tell me to be a good boy and not to be frightened. I'm coming to it at last: old Bob Halliday that's been through it from the beginning, one o' the Old

Contemptibles, come down to be moth-ered and hushaby-baby'd by a blanky recruit, with the first polish hardly off his new buttons."

He broke off and into bitter cursing, reviling the Germans, the war, himself and Everton, his sergeant and platoon commander, the O.C., and at last the regiment itself. But at that the torrent of his oaths broke off, and he sat silent and shaking for a minute. He glanced sideways at last at the embarrassed Everton.

"Don't take no notice o' me, chum," he said. "I wasn't speaking too loud, was I? The others haven't noticed, do you think? I don't want to look round for a minute."

Everton assured him that he had not spoken too loud, that nobody appeared to have noticed anything, and that none were looking their way. He added a feeble question as to whether Halliday, if he felt so bad, could not report himself as sick or something and escape having to leave the trench.

Halliday's lips twisted in a bitter grin.

"That would be a pretty tale," he said. "No, boy, I'll try and pull through once more, and if my heart fails me—look here, I've often thought o' this, and some day, maybe, it will come to it."

He lifted his rifle and put the butt down in the trench bottom, slipped his bayonet out, and holding the rifle near the muzzle with one hand, with the other placed the point of the bayonet to the trigger of the rifle. He removed it instantly and returned it to its place.

"There's always that," he said. "It can be done in a second, and no matter how a man's hand shakes, he can steady the point of the bayonet against the trigger-guard, push it down till the point pushes the trigger home."

"Do you mean," stammered Everton in amazement—"do you mean—shoot yourself?"

"Seh! not so loud," cautioned Halliday. "Yes, it's better than being shot by my own officer, isn't it?"

Everton's mind was floundering hopelessly round this strange problem. He could understand a man being afraid; he was not sure that he wasn't afraid himself; but that a man afraid that he could not face death could yet contemplate certain death by his own hand, was completely beyond him.

Halliday drew his breath in a deep sigh.

"We'll say no more about it," he said. "I feel better now; it's something to know I always have that to fall back on at the worst. I'll be all right now—until it comes the minute to climb over the parapet."

It was nearly nine o'clock, and word was passed down the line for every man to get down as low as he could in the bottom of the trench. The trench they were about to attack was only forty or fifty yards away, and since the Heavies as well as the Field guns were to bombard, there was quite a large possibility of splinters and fragments being thrown by the lyddite back as far as the British trench. At nine, sharp to the tick of the clock, the *rush, rush, rush* of a field battery's shells passed overhead. Because the target was so close, the passing shells seemed desperately near to the British parapet, as indeed they actually were. The rush of the shells and the crash of their explosion sounded in the forward trench before the boom of the guns which fired them traveled to the British trench. Before the first round of this opening battery had finished, another and another joined in, and then, in a deluge of noise, the intense bombardment commenced.

Crouching low in the bottom of the trench, half deafened by the uproar, the men waited for the word to move. The concentrated fire on this portion of front indicated clearly to the Germans

that an attack was coming, and where it was to be expected. The obviously correct procedure for the gunners was of course to have bombarded many sections of front so that no certain clue would be given as to the point of the coming attack. But this was in the days when shells were very, very precious things, and gunners had to grit their teeth helplessly, doling out round by round, while the German gun-and-rifle fire did its worst. The Germans, then, could see now where the attack was concentrated, and promptly proceeded to break it up before it was launched. Shells began to sweep the trench where the Hot-water Guards lay, to batter at their parapet, and to prepare a curtain of fire along their front.

Everton lay and listened to the appalling clamor; but when the word was passed round to get ready, he rose to his feet and climbed to the firing-step without any overpowering sense of fear. A sentence from the man on his left had done a good deal to hearten him.

"Gostrewth! 'ark at our guns!" he said. "They ain't 'arf pitchin' it in. W'y this ain't goin' to be no charge; it's going to be a sort of merry picnic, a game of 'Ere we go gatherin' nuts in May.' There won't be any Germans left in them trenches, and we'll 'ave nothin' to do but collect the 'elmets and sooveneers and make ourselves at 'ome."

"Did you hear that?" Everton asked Halliday. "Is it anyways true, do you think?"

"A good bit," said Halliday. "I've never seen a bit of German front smothered up by our guns the way this seems to be now, though I've often enough seen it the other way. The trench in front should be smashed past any shape for stopping our charge if the gunners are making any straight shooting at all."

It was evident that the whole trench shared his opinion, and expressions of amazed delight ran up and down the length of the Hotwaters. When the order came to leave the trench, the men were up and out of it with a bound.

Everton was too busy with his own scramble out to pay much heed to Halliday; but as they worked out through their own barbed wire, he was relieved to find him at his side. He caught Everton's look, and although his teeth were gripped tight, he nodded cheerfully. Presently, when they were forming into line again beyond the wire, Halliday spoke.

"Not too bad," he said. "The guns has done it for us this time. Come on, now, and keep your wits when you get across."

In the ensuing rush across the open, Everton was conscious of no sensation of fear. The guns had lifted their fire farther back as the Hotwaters emerged from their trench, and the rush and rumble of their shells was still passing overhead as the line advanced. The German artillery hardly dared drop their range to sweep the advance, because of its proximity to their own trench. A fairly heavy rifle-fire was coming from the flanks, but to a certain extent that was kept down by some of our batteries spreading their fire over those portions of the German trench which were not being attacked, and by a heavy rifle- and machine-gun fire which was pelted across from the opposite parts of the British line.

From the immediate front, which was the Hotwaters' objective, there was practically no attempt at resistance until the advance was half-way across the short distance between the trenches, and even then it was no more than a spasmodic attempt and the feeble resistance of a few rifles and a machine-gun. The Hotwaters reached the trench with comparatively slight loss, pushed into it, and over it, and

pressed on to the next line, the object being to threaten the continuance of the attack, to take the next trench if the resistance was not too severe, and so to give time for the reorganization of the first captured trench to resist the German counter-attack.

Everton was one of the first to reach the forward trench. It had been roughly handled by the artillery fire, and the men in it made little show of resistance. The Hotwaters swarmed into the broken ditch, shooting and stabbing the few who fought back, disarming the prisoners who had surrendered with hands over their heads and quavering cries of "Kamerad." Everton rushed one man who appeared to be in two minds whether to surrender or not, fingering and half lifting his rifle and lowering it again, looking round over his shoulder, once more raising his rifle muzzle. Everton killed him with the bayonet. Afterwards he climbed out and ran on, after the line had pushed forward to the next trench. There was an awe and a thrill of satisfaction in his heart as he looked at his stained bayonet, but, as he suddenly recognized with a tremendous joy, not the faintest sensation of being afraid. He looked round grinning to the man next him, and was on the point of shouting some jest to him, when he saw the man stumble and pitch heavily on his face. It flashed into Everton's mind that he had tripped over a hidden wire, and he was about to shout some chaffing remark, when he saw the back of the man's head as he lay face down. But even that unpleasant sight brought no fear to him.

There was a stout barricade of wire in front of the next trench, and an order was shouted along to halt and lie down in front of it. The line dropped, and while some lay prone and fired as fast as they could at any loophole or bobbing head they could see, others lit bombs and tossed them into the trench.

This trench also had been badly mauled by the shells, and the fire from it was feeble. Everton lay firing for a few minutes, casting side glances on an officer close in front of him, and on two or three men along the line who were coolly cutting through the barbed wire with heavy nippers. Everton saw the officer spin round and drop to his knees, his left hand nursing his hanging right arm. Everton jumped up and went over to him.

"Let me go on with it, sir," he said eagerly, and without waiting for any consent stooped and picked up the fallen wire-cutters and set to work. He and the others, standing erect and working on the wire, naturally drew a heavy proportion of the aimed fire; but Everton was only conscious of an uplifting exhilaration, a delight that he should have had the chance of such a prominent position. Many bullets came very close to him, but none touched him, and he went on cutting wire after wire, quickly and methodically, grasping the strand well in the jaws of the nippers till the wire parted and the severed ends sprang loose, calmly fitting the nippers to the next strand.

Even when he had cut a clear path through, he went on working, widening the breach, cutting more wires, dragging the trailing ends clear. Then he ran back to the line and to the officer who had lain watching him.

"Your wire-nippers, sir," he said. "Shall I put them in your case for you?"

"Stick them in your pocket, Everton," said the youngster; "you've done good work with them. Now lie down here."

All this was a matter of no more than three or four minutes' work. When the other gaps were completed—the men in them being less fortunate than Everton and having several wounded during the task—the line rose, rushed

steaming through the gaps and down into the trench. If anything, the damage done by the shells was greater there than in the first line, mainly perhaps because the heavier guns had not hesitated to fire on the second line where the closeness of the first line to the British would have made risky shooting. There were a good many dead and wounded Germans in this second trench, and of the remainder many were hidden away in their dug-outs, their nerves shaken beyond the sticking-point of courage by the artillery fire first, and later by the close-quarter bombing and the rush of the cold steel.

The Hotwaters held that trench for some fifteen minutes. Then a weak counter-attack attempted to emerge from another line of trenches a good two hundred yards back, but was instantly fallen upon by our artillery and scourged by the accurate fire of the Hotwaters. The attack broke before it was well under way, and scrambled back under cover.

Shortly afterwards the first captured trench having been put into some shape for defense, the advance line of the Hotwaters retired. A small covering party stayed and kept up a rapid fire till most of the others had gone, and then climbed through the trench and doubled back after them.

The officer, whose wire-cutters Everton had used, had been hit rather badly in the arm. He had made light of the wound, and remained in the trench with the covering party; but when he came to retire, he found that the pain and loss of blood had left him shaky and dizzy. Everton helped him to climb from the trench; but as they ran back he saw from the corner of his eye that the officer had slowed to a walk. He turned back and, ignoring the officer's advice to push on, urged him to lean on him. It ended up by Everton and the officer being the last men in, Everton half supporting, half carrying

the other. Once more he felt a childish pleasure at this opportunity to distinguish himself. He was half intoxicated with the heady wine of excitement and success, he asked only for other and greater and riskier opportunities. "Risk," he thought contemptuously, "is only a pleasant excitement, danger the spice to the risk." He asked his Sergeant to be allowed to go out and help the stretcher-bearers who were clearing the wounded from the ground over which the first advance had been made.

"No," said the Sergeant shortly. "The stretcher-bearers have their job, and they've got to do it. Your job is here, and you can stop and do that. You've done enough for one day." Then, conscious perhaps that he had spoken with unnecessary sharpness, he added a word. "You've made a good beginning, lad, and done good work for your first show; don't spoil it with rank gallery play."

But now that the German gunners knew the British line had advanced and held the captured trench, they pelted it, the open ground behind it, and the trench that had been the British front line, with a storm of shell-fire. The rifle-fire was hotter, too, and the rallied defense was pouring in a whistling stream of bullets. But the captured trench, which it will be remembered was a re-captured British one, ran back and joined up with the British lines. It was possible therefore to bring up plenty of ammunition, sandbags, and reinforcements, and by now the defense had been sufficiently made good to have every prospect of resisting any counter-attack and of withstanding the bombardment to which it was being subjected. But the heavy fire drove the stretcher-bearers off the open ground, while there still remained some dead and wounded to be brought in.

Everton had missed Halliday, and his anxious inquiries failed to find him

or any word of him, until at last one man said he believed Halliday had been dropped in the rush on the first trench. Everton stood up and peered back over the ground behind them. Thirty yards away he saw a man lying prone and busily at work with his trenching-tool, endeavoring to build up a scanty cover. Everton shouted at the pitch of his voice "Halliday!" The digging figure paused, lifted the trenching-tool and waved it, and then fell to work again. Everton pressed along the crowded trench to the sergeant.

"Sergeant," he said breathlessly, "Halliday's lying out there wounded, he's a good pal o' mine and I'd like to fetch him in."

The sergeant was rather doubtful. He made Everton point out the digging figure, and was calculating the distance from the nearest point of the trench, and the bullets that drummed between.

"It's almost a cert you get hit," he said, "even if you crawl out. He's got a bit of cover and he's making more, fast. I think——"

A voice behind interrupted, and Everton and the Sergeant turned to find the Captain looking up at them.

"What's this?" he repeated, and the Sergeant explained the position.

"Go ahead!" said the Captain. "Get him in if you can, and good luck to you."

Everton wanted no more. Two minutes later he was out of the trench and racing back across the open.

"Come on, Halliday," he said. "I'll give you a hoist in. Where are you hit?"

"Leg and arm," said Halliday briefly; and then, rather ungraciously, "You're a fool to be out here; but I suppose now you're here, you might as well give me a hand in."

But he spoke differently after Everton had given him a hand, had lifted him and carried him, and so brought him

back to the trench and lowered him into waiting hands. His wounds were bandaged and, before he was carried off, he spoke to Everton.

"Good-bye, Toffee," he said and held out his left hand, "I owe you a heap. And look here——" He hesitated a moment and then spoke in tones so low that Everton had to bend over the stretcher to hear him. "My leg's smashed bad, and I'm done for the Front and the old Hotwaters. I wouldn't like it to get about—I don't want the others to think—to know about me feeling—well, like I told
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you back there before the charge."

Toffee grabbed the uninjured hand hard. "You old frost!" he said gaily, "there's no need to keep it up any longer now; but I don't mind telling you, old man, you fairly hoaxed me that time, and actually I believed what you were saying. 'Course, I know better now; but I'll punch the head off any man that ever whispers a word against you."

Halliday looked at him queerly. "Good-bye, Toffee," he said again, "and thank ye."

Boyd Cable.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Famous in an undramatic age as a poet-dramatist, famous by merit, and also by solitariness, Stephen Phillips, in a lyrical age, yet remains more eminent as a lyrist. Where he had no contemporary competitors his work did not keep the stage, and where he had many contemporary rivals he stands apart and alone in a strange success. This seems to me the paradoxical fortune of his poetry and career.

However, then, it may seem to other readers, to one at least it is fitting that the lyric should take precedence in these few words I have been asked to dedicate to Stephen Phillips's honored memory.

Passion and play are, by the consent of the world, regions subject to the poet. He has to prove his right-of-way through those wild or cultivated lands, but there is no limit to his journeys there. All passionate and all delicate hearts acknowledge his two great dominions. But there is a certain minor kingdom—that of perfect sadness—into which not many poets enter, and into which few readers have the heart to watch them go, and whither fewer have the heart to follow them. Coven-

try Patmore's ode, "Eurydice," is the master poem of sadness unmingled and complete, beautiful by its very integrity. And beautiful in the same character are the lyrics of Stephen Phillips's six poems, "The Apparition"—or rather three of them; for I think the first, the fifth and the sixth are unnecessary; and the quality of this verse is so fine that we may apply to it that most severe of tests—necessity. Wisely brief are these poems; for sadness is not for epic, nor for drama, nor for the sustained song. It is not for the elegy, for it is not in "Lycidas," nor in "Adonais," nor in Emerson's "Threnody." It is not for great tragedy, for I remember only a few words of Macbeth's that are purely sad, and none of Lear's or Othello's, nor of Satan's. Doubtless we endure the greatness of sublime tragedy with unbroken hearts because it is not sad, for sadness is less tolerable than impassioned tragedy, and we can endure it no longer than a lyric-while:—

She is not happy! It was noon;
The sun fell on my head:
And it was not an hour in which
We think upon the dead.

She is not happy! I should know
Her voice, much more her cry;
And close beside me a great rose
Had just begun to die.

She is not happy! As I walked
Of her I was aware:
She cried out, like a creature hurt,
Close by me in the air.

Again, in another poem:

"I live in calm," she said, "and there
Am learning to be wise.
Why grieveest thou? I pity thee
Still turning on thy bed."
"And art thou happy?" I exclaimed.
"Alas!" she sighed, and fled.

One of the sad secrets of these strange poems seems to be the negative in their diction. "Not happy" in such a lyric is more than the "it will make us mad" of Lady Macbeth—that is, more significant of the quality of perfect sadness. "Not happy" would be insignificant in great tragedy: it is unbearably significant in a little lyric. And like these three wonderful poems is the unnamed poem following them in the volume of 1898. And here again the reader is reminded of Coventry Patmore, and his great ode, "Tired Memory." The widower, in Stephen Phillips's poem, has read the mournful letters of his wife—even the letter mourning the death of their child—without pain. "The one darling of our widowhead, the nurseling Grief, is dead," wrote Patmore; and Stephen Phillips imagines the man unable to grieve again over the old griefs, but broken by a "hurried happy line" by chance preserved among these letters:

A little jest too slight for one so dead:
This did I not endure:
Then with a shuddering heart no more I
read.

The poetry of sadness is complete, final, conscious.

In the same volume is the more celebrated "Christ in Hades." to my

mind most memorable for two lines. These describe the millions in the underworld who draw near to look at the Stranger's face:

Toward Him in fading purple, pacing
came
Dead emperors and sad unflattered
kings.

In the same volume is "Lazarus." Here the man who has known "what it is to die" records his own return—chiefly and wonderfully in a certain phrase:

The sea murmured again;

the returning to the life of the senses thus gently suggested by a sound. And in the same volume again is "Milton Blind" which has more thought—as it were a more solid thought—than I find in the lyrics elsewhere. The thought is this: The Creator of light deliberately gave darkness to this illustrious man. To him was restored the privilege of "the virgin Dark." To him was given back "original night." He was to be privy to "the elder glory." It was the mind of genius that conceived this thought.

Finally, "Marpessa" is continuously beautiful, but it somewhat discouragingly reminds us of the three great poems, Meredith's "Day of the Daughter of Hades," Browning's "Saul," and Tennyson's "Tithonus": of "Saul" because it leads us sweetly through a recital of human, and strictly, inexorably mortal, happiness, a happiness natural and priced by death, nay, dependent upon time, change and death; and of "Tithonus" because it urges the beauty of that felicity and the justice of that price. Tithonus, in Tennyson's lines, splendid and tender, had accepted union with the goddess: Marpessa, in Stephen Phillips's less splendid, refused union with the god. Browning gives himself space and dramatic liberty for a happy pilgrimage

through harvest time; Stephen Phillips is not triumphant like Browning; still less is he triumphant with the clamorous triumph of Meredith in brief and natural joy. But these comparisons are somewhat less than just, they are accidental, and should not disturb us in reading a beautiful poem. "Marpessa" is a beautiful poem, but I make no citation from it here; I think there is nothing lower than genius in the verse or phrase here cited.

Overpraise is cruel, and still more cruel the reaction of irresponsible neglect. Stephen Phillips was raised by the acclamation of certain critics to that "second place to Shakespeare" which is no place. And later his work seems to have been insulted by the niggling search for faults. "Nero," a drama of no mean character and no doubtful splendor, is said to be lacking in dramatic action. Well, the history is not very dramatic, for Nero fails to drown Agrippina. He has to slay her twice, and the dramatist must not repeat a situation. But the eloquence of such a speech as that in which the Emperor calls on night and nature to destroy his mother—an eloquence incomparably greater than any of Byron's—might surely have atoned for a mechanical fault. Nero himself is not very dramatic because in the drama he is first a minor poet who utters phrases like the

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silliest attributed to Oscar Wilde—and the thing is well done, and with the appropriate farce; and next he declaims his murders with a rhetoric which overleaps that old boundary and achieves unquestionable poetry. Stephen Phillips, no doubt, foregoes the farce of Nero's megalomania when he writes of his pride,

His poet's fire not circumscribed by words,

But now translated into burning cities. Yet, is the passage from vanity to pride improbable? The action of the play covers some considerable time, and Nero's heart was murderous from the beginning.

In "Paolo and Francesca" I cannot find such triumphs; though here the lyrical sadness of Lucrezia—her finest speech might be a sonnet—restores to the dramatist his own right plectrum, his own strings. The effort to make drama betrays him in both tragedies, by the way, into the weak effectiveness of prophecy. These are details, but they remind us that it was in details that Stephen Phillips's drama had its best success.

These are all too slight records of memorable poetry. It is to be hoped that, after over-prizing and under-prizing are both over and forgotten, "Herod," "Nero" and the lyrics will not be forgotten but will be studied with deliberation and by justice.

Alice Meynell.

THE SURVIVAL VALUE OF THE CLASSIC.

An American man of letters, Mr. Albert Mordell, in a recently published book bearing the suggestive title of "Dante and Other Waning Classics," makes a determined attempt to dislodge certain classics from the pedestal on which the ages have placed them. The six objects of his contempt are "St. Augustine's Confessions," "The

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Imitation of Christ," "The Divine Comedy," "Paradise Lost," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and Pascal's "Pensées." While cheerfully admitting that, so far as I am concerned, he may, if he likes, not merely knock at least three of these six old birds off their perches but make footballs of them, I am bound to say that I think the reason he gives

for his iconoclasm—the outmoded theology of the works—a very bad one; for in a genuine classic, as indeed in any genuine work of art whatever, our agreement or disagreement with the author's philosophy has, or should have, nothing to do with our appreciation of his art and his essential humanism. The "Antigone" is still a moving drama even to an age that does not believe that an unburied body is an offense to the gods, and likely to bring a curse on those who do not give it burial; nor is Elgar's "Gerontius" any the more impressive to a Catholic than to a musician who does not share Elgar's theology, or one who has no theology at all. If we are to discrown classics, it must be for better reasons than these; and it is much to be wished that some penetrating analyst would find out for us precisely what it is that makes a classic, and what are the qualities we should look for in contemporary works if we want to be sure that they too will be classics in their time. A short and simple manual, "How to know a Future Classic when you see it," would especially be a boon to musical critics.

Time, it is always said, is the only sure critic. But in the first place, few of us whose business is daily criticism can wait a couple of centuries before delivering himself of his opinion on the work he heard last night; and in the second place, even if we were to wait a couple of centuries, would there still not be some element of prepossession or prejudice mingled with our judgment then as now? It is not uncommon for one generation to despise and reject the art that to a previous generation has been all in all. Further, is there not a sort of personal equation to be allowed for in the judgment not only of an individual but of an age? Let us admit that no critic of today, owing to idiosyncrasies of temperament, of training, and of environment, can be

trusted to see a musical masterpiece precisely as it is; he sees it reflected from the angles of his own personality, and these angles are hardly alike in any two men. But is the established opinion of two centuries later much truer to the facts than the opinion of the contemporary individual? If he is the dupe of his personality, is not the world at large the dupe of tradition? The individual dislikes certain things in a piece of music because they run counter to his own way of thinking and feeling; but does not the musical world as a whole commit the opposite fallacy of admiring many a classic in spite of things in it that honest individual taste would declare to be far from admirable?

Does any one of us, indeed, hear a classic as it really is? Do we not approach it in a mood in which we are overready to count all the hits and ignore all the misses? That a work that has gathered about it more and more of the admiration of the really instructed in its hundred or two hundred years of life must be a great work is a proposition no one would dispute. But is it always and everywhere as great as we are apt to imagine? Suppose a visitor from another planet were to come among us—one skilled in music to the same point as ourselves, and with precisely the same standards of excellence as ours, but without any knowledge of our musical history. Suppose we were to set such a man to listen every night for a week to a number of our most highly prized classics, but in ignorance of what standing these composers had among us—ignorant, indeed, of whether the composers were dead or living. He would listen to these works as critically, with as perfect freedom from the sentiment of the past, as we listen to the newest work today. Is it not tolerably certain that he would find much in our classics that was dull, much that was feeble, that never strikes

us so—or if it does, with the sole result of automatically calling up reinforcements of irrational sentiment, as when we refuse to dwell upon the failings of a greatly loved friend?

Would an experience of this kind, then, be a proof that we are wrong in deifying our classics as we do? By no means. The classic becomes a classic not because it is free from failings that are personal to the composer or incidental to his epoch, but because there is something in it that can blind us to these failings, and that blinds humanity ever more effectively to them as time goes on. The problem of contemporary criticism is a twofold one—how to distinguish, among the defects of a new work, between those that will matter a hundred years hence and those that will not, and how to pick out and appraise justly the elements that a hundred years hence will have mellowed into the super-wisdom or rarefied into the super-beauty that is the mark of the classic. Can it be wondered at that criticism is so often wrong in its own day? Who that heard Bach's G string aria for the first time, some two hundred years ago, even though he felt the beauty of it deeply, could foresee that every succeeding generation would be able to read into it the profoundest of its own thoughts upon life, while other melodies of that day, apparently as moving, would lack this power of growing as the intellect and emotions of mankind in general grew? Who that heard the Fifth Symphony in 1808 could guess what cosmic significances would gradually accrete themselves round that simple opening theme of "Fate" for the men of 1908—significances that are simply the light reflected back upon the theme from all the tense experiences we have lived through in the symphony itself? And on the other hand, how much of criticism that is irrefutable in itself comes to be seen

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as an irrelevancy in the course of a century or less? The mannerisms, or even the manner, of a composer may lead the broadest-minded critic astray. If history teaches us anything, it is that of mannerisms, or even *cliches*, there are, as of everything else, two kinds—a kind that matters and a kind that does not. In the old days the complaint used to be that Wagner was far too fond of sequential passages. We of today are twice as conscious of this failing in him as our fathers were, yet it annoys us less. Wagner has become a classic in spite of his failing. Today Elgar's sequences offend many. Will they equally offend our grandchildren, or will they be as disregarded then as the mannerisms of Bach and Beethoven and Wagner are? Franck and Grieg have certain peculiarities of diction that can be detached from their music and parodied. Will these peculiarities kill the music some day, or will they be caught up into the being of the music and, if not transfigured, at least glossed over? And of the two sets of peculiarities, Grieg's and Franck's, which will be least fatal to the music as a whole? We shall know some day, or our grandchildren will; but it would be a gratification if we could be sure we had Time's touchstone under our fingers here and now. Even if some one were to deduce, as might without much difficulty be done, from the music of the past the elements that have so far made for survival value, we should still find it anything but easy to detect the precise equivalents of those elements in the changed music of today and tomorrow. A conscientious critic would like to return to the field of his earthly labors a century after his death, and see how many of his judgments had survived, how many of his prophecies had been fulfilled. He might return; but if he were a sensitive soul I do not think he would stay very long.

Ernest Newman.

THE BODY PREPARED.

A tiny cap may be noted, by the very careful anatomist, to crown the typical kidney, such as our own. This "suprarenal capsule" was simply missed by the earlier searchers, who observed no more to note in it than in, say, the fatty tissue which usually surrounds the kidney. In meticulous and classical volumes of past centuries, no word is to be found of an organ without which none of us could live. For here is a gland, the precious, infinitesimal secretion of which is essential to life—to the beating of the heart, the power of the muscles, the control of many continual functions and the facing of crises.

On section the gland is found to consist of two parts, called a cortex and a medulla, as in other similar cases. But they are not similar cases. The rule is that the cells of the cortex or bark of a gland are of special, if not sole, importance. In this case, experiment fails to discover any importance in the cortical cells and their supposititious products. The core or medulla of the gland is a very small part of it—so that the anatomist, working inwards, might be excused for remembering the small boy and expecting that "there ain't going to be no core"—and, indeed, the weight of this portion of the gland has been estimated at about one seventy-thousandth part of the body-weight. But it was found by one of my teachers, Sir Edward Schäfer, and by Dr. Oliver, that an extract made from this tiny morsel of glandular tissue has effects upon the body to which nothing in physiology, pharmacology, or toxicology affords a parallel.

Embryology helps us to feel less surprise than formerly at the contrast between the two parts of this minute gland. Their relation is merely one of anatomical contiguity. Their histories

have no common feature. The medulla, and that alone, is derived from a source which, so far as I am aware, is entirely unique in the embryology of glandular structures. The evidence of embryology and of comparative anatomy is to the effect that the suprarenal medulla is derived *from the central nervous system*. Who ever heard of such a thing? The cells of the suprarenal medulla are "chromaffine," taking the same dyes, in the same way, as the sympathetic nerve-cells of, for instance, some worms. Indeed, it has the same ancestry as what anatomists call the sympathetic nervous system—which, as its name implies, and as we may remember for full appreciation of what is to follow, has much to do with the emotional crises of our lives.

There is a strange and deadly malady, called Addison's disease, after its discoverer, of which apathy and muscular weakness are the most important symptoms, though a progressive bronzing of the skin, is the most conspicuous and surprising. It has long been known that, in the victims of Addison's disease, there is always disease of the suprarenal capsules, or adrenal glands, as we may now call them—such as to put them out of action. Later, it was found that the characteristic substance, contained in Oliver and Schäfer's extract, is absent from whatever is left of the adrenals in Addison's disease—whether their destruction be due to tuberculosis or anything else.

Hence we may expect to find a simple correspondence between the symptoms of Addison's disease and the experimental pharmacology of adrenalin, which is the special product of the gland. In certain essential respects that correspondence exists, though, unfortunately, the treatment of Addison's disease with adrenalin was much less than successful

when I was daily seeing such cases, and is so still, to the best of my knowledge. Let us observe what adrenalin does.

We have long known that this substance is a unique stimulant of the muscular tissue of the arteries, and I well remember how my nasal mucous membrane was painted with it before an operation for excision of the nasal septum. It simply blanches the part, by its constriction of the arterioles or smallest arteries, and is thus often invaluable in surgery. No other "styptic" or "haemostatic" can compare with it. But much more than this has lately been discovered—not least by the work of Professor Carrel, the wonderful Frenchman who works in America and recently won a Nobel prize.

The action of the sympathetic system, and of the adrenal medulla, its blood-relation, is largely under the control of the central nervous system. Suppose that fear or anger, or emulation only, be the dominant emotion of any given moment. The body is, perhaps, in danger, and flight is instantly to follow. Or, instead of fear and flight, anger and pugnacity are in the ascendant. In either case there is probably danger of injury to the body, and special needs are about to arise. The heart must beat more strongly, the blood pressure must rise, more blood must flow through the essential parts of the body—the parts *now* essential—such as the brain, the heart, and the muscles, whether these latter be used for flight or attack. Readers whose psychological study has gone as far as our own time, and who remember William James's theory of emotion, and McDougall's analysis of the primary instinct-emotions—*e.g.*, flight-fear, pugnacity-anger—will realize the immense interest that attaches to what we now observe. In the first place, note that the internal arrangements are the same for fear and anger,

as, often, the facial expression is the same. Plainly, the James-Lange theory, according to which an emotion is only our awareness of our internal disturbance—we fear because our heart beats fast, and so forth—cannot be wholly true. But how utterly true is James's appreciation of the biological utility, the vital value, of those internal changes, further shown by McDougall.

To them add these new facts. It is adrenalin, largely, at any rate, that the central nervous system uses for its urgent purposes when the body is in danger. This drug—as my pen had wrongly, but not unnaturally called it—is instantly poured into the blood which passes through the tiny, ductless, adrenal on each side of the body, and the results are as astonishing and instantaneous and varied as they are single-simple-purposed and effective. Adrenalin does *not* stimulate arterial muscle in general. Under its influence the blood supply is, indeed, well-nigh arrested, so powerful is its vaso-constrictor action, for the digestive organs and glands. But the blood must all be sent where it is wanted *now*, or never. The astonishing constriction of the arterioles which supply the parts of the body now of no moment is even less astonishing than the fact that the blood supply to the brain, heart and voluntary muscles is *not* constricted but instantly increased, and that the muscular tissue surrounding the bronchioles, or smaller air passages, is actually inhibited, so that much more oxygen gains access to the lungs, for the heart and muscles, while the poisonous carbonic acid, which their urgent action produces, can the more readily escape.

This is not nearly all. Carrel found an instant excess of adrenalin in the blood of a tame cat, when it was alarmed by the sight of a dog. A drop of blood from that cat, applied to a morsel of intestinal tissue, kept alive and rhythmically beating, as Carrel has taught

us how to keep separated tissues alive, instantly arrested the beating. Thus adrenalin not merely cuts off the blood from the digestive organs, but it immobilizes them. Many a brave soldier, horribly wounded in the abdomen, neither bleeds to death, nor calamitously infects his peritoneum with the bowel contents, because the courage and pugnacity and emulation with which he left his trench had set adrenalin to work, and part of its work was to shut down what is useless—*nay*, a source of more danger—when danger is at hand.

We may here ignore such effects of adrenalin as horripilation, the erection of the hairs, which increases the apparent size of an animal and thus evidently helps to intimidate its enemy; or the changes in the pupil, equally serving the vital need. Note rather that this amazing substance, of royal nervous descent, largely by cutting off well-nigh all the blood-supply to the liver, which in time of peace contains about twenty-five per cent of all the blood in the body, and also, presumably, by a specific action on the versatile cells of that gland, increases the proportion of blood-sugar, the great food of heart and voluntary muscles, by as much as thirty per cent. To that extent do we find the haemic glucose increased in the blood of the "forwards," on the line just before the referee blows the whistle to start a game of football; and assuredly, when the whistle goes for an infantry charge, the same is true. Adrenalin also causes the blood to clot much more rapidly, so that in this way, as in

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that noted above, the risk of bleeding to death from any injury is much reduced. Fatigue, as due partly to exhaustion of sources of energy, is met by the access of sugar, and as due partly to auto-intoxication is met by the fact that adrenalin is, it seems, a specific anti-toxin to the natural fatigue-toxin or toxins. So, at least, said Professor C. S. Sherrington, in his recent remarkable lectures at the Royal Institution, to which this article is much indebted.

This almost uncanny substance, which seems to carry in it some of the "brains," which are, in fact, its historic relatives, thus sets the body on a war-footing. Everything essential for action and for protection, alike defensive in retreat, or offensive in attack, is done, and everything not *now* essential, but indeed detrimental *now*, is arrested. The arrangements are not "too late," but perfect in anticipation. There is purposive foresight in the "machine," such as makes the mechanistic biology a laughing-stock.

It makes the body-politic a laughing-stock too, I fear, but space fails and the reader will be spared my excusable moralizings—as whether, even assuming our social organism to be healthy in peace, it has succeeded in shutting off the blood-supply to the organs of absorption, and in having all its munitions ready at the right places before they are needed. But histology finds no cells in the normal body which, in the moment of danger, behave like the bawling fools who shouted business as usual by way of making "Britain prepared."

Lens.

THE YOUNG POETS.*

There has been lately a general desire to encourage our young poets by prais-

*"Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915." The Poetry Bookshop. 3s. 6d. net.
"Poems of Today. An Anthology." Published for the English Association by Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.

ing them and even by buying them. We have all discovered at last that the romantic movement is over, and that no young poet who has anything in him can belong to it. The time has

come for free experiment in poetry, and we must not expect to find in it the accustomed beauties of the past. Our attitude towards it has suddenly become as expectant and as liberal as our attitude to modern painting. In both cases the old masters are dead, and we do not want the work of the young to remind us of them. The very title "Georgian Poetry" insists upon the fact. It is no longer Victorian poetry, and Swinburne is an old master to it.

We hope very much that this new interest will not die away, that the young poets will continue to be young, and that the enthusiasms of the young critics will not stiffen into prejudice. For criticism has also its part to play. It must not only encourage but must be on the lookout for dangers, for mechanical reactions against the fashions of the past and for imitation of the fashions of the present. We insist upon this now because we see signs of mechanical reaction in the two longest poems in this volume of Georgian poetry—the play by Mr. Gordon Bottomley with which it begins and the play by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie with which it ends. We have enjoyed reading both, but in each we enjoyed the last half less than the first. In each we became aware of a convention as the theme worked itself out—or rather of a convention which bound it and prevented it from working itself out freely.

Mr. Bottomley's play is called *King Lear's Wife*, and it deals with the disreputable past of King Lear when his wife was dying and Cordelia was a child. Mr. Abercrombie's play is about modern rustics. It is called *The End of the World*: a dowser comes into a public house in a valley deep in the country and tells the men drinking there that a comet already blazing in the sky is about to destroy the earth. They are gradually wrought upon to believe this; and the play shows us the

effect of this belief upon them and then the effect of their sudden recovery from it.

We do not know whether Mr. Bottomley supposes his Lear to be the same person as Shakespeare's Lear, only younger; or whether he meant to conceive a different Lear altogether. Nor does it matter much, except that the use of Shakespeare's characters may puzzle and irritate the reader. But certainly his Lear is not Shakespeare's, and no suffering could change him into Shakespeare's. He is merely a selfish and lustful brute, who takes his wife's maid on his knee while his wife is dying of a broken heart, and who, when Goneril murders the maid, does not care, because the maid is proved unfaithful to him. Goneril and her mother are savages, but capable of savage affection. Lear is capable of nothing except lust and pride, and Cordelia is a spoilt child. Regan does not appear, but Goneril draws her character for us:—

Does Regan worship anywhere at dawn?

The sweaty half-clad cook-maids render lard

Out in the scullery, after pig-killing,
And Regan sidles among their greasy skirts

Smeary and hot as they, for craps to suck.

In fact, the world of this play is like the world which Shakespeare's Lear sees in his madness and Edgar in his pretended madness. Now undoubtedly there are unpleasant people and horrible things in the real world, but we feel that there is too much method in Mr. Bottomley's madness. He is out to write a new kind of poetry, a poetry which is not romantic. He is not going to get a cheap effect, like Tennyson in the "Idylls of the King," by drawing blameless prigs. But he does get a cheap effect by the opposite method. At first we are interested in

the setting out of his theme and in his considerable power of expressing himself. We wait to see what he has to say. But gradually we discover that he only says the same things about his characters over and over again and with increasing violence. He draws ugliness, as the Victorians drew beauty, for the sake of the ugliness, as if it were interesting in itself quite apart from what is made of it. This is mere reaction from the notion that beauty is interesting in itself; and his *King Lear* is no more interesting, no more alive and growing, than Tennyson's *King Arthur*. He is rigid and unreal in his own conventional baseness as *King Arthur* in his conventional loftiness.

But Mr. Bottomley shows what he could do, if he would stop reacting, with his character of Goneril. Goneril is a fierce huntress, cruel but not base, and only cruel like a fine beast of prey. She has some love for her mother; she is capable of growth one way or another, though not of growth into Shakespeare's Goneril. But Mr. Bottomley's Lear is not capable of growth at all. He is merely and irretrievably damned; and the whole play is a play of damned souls, ending with the ugly song of the old woman who comes to lay out *King Lear's* wife:—

The louse made off unhappy and wet—
Ahumm, Ahumm, Ahee—

He's looking for us, the little pet;
So haste, for her chin's to tie up yet,
And let us be gone with what we can
get—

Her ring for thee, her gown for Bet,
Her pocket turned out for me.

This atmosphere of general damnation is not new in English literature. We find it in Elizabethan dramatists like Cyril Tourneur, and it may thrill you if you can believe in it. We cannot. It seems to us to be merely a mechanical development of something altogether outside the experience of the writer. We do not say that he has designs on

us, but we feel that he has had designs upon himself—that he has tried to impose upon himself a conception of mankind which is not really his, for the purposes of his art. The result is violence, but a violence as conventional as the Victorian sweetness.

Mr. Abercrombie works much more within his own experience, and his characters are more like real people; but he too develops his theme mechanically. He is determined above all things not to be sentimental. Not one of his rustics shall show a glimmer of decent feeling, and they too become rigid in their conventional baseness. The life given to them at first by the author's command of racy and pithy speech dies out of them, until they all seem puppets condemned to dance forever the same ignominious dance to the cold laughter of the audience.

Where both writers' characters are unlike human beings is in this—that they do not even value anything decent. The fear of sentimentality has gone so far that these poets are determined to eliminate it even from their characters. But human beings are always and inveterately sentimental until they reach a height of nobility in which they can do without the help of sentimentality. Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Abercrombie talk scandal about human nature, but it is not plausible scandal. They have the air of telling home truths, but they are falsehoods as conventional as those of the "*Idylls of the King*." It is a pity because the execution of both plays, especially of Mr. Abercrombie's, is still vigorous with the energy of youth. It is the conception in each case which seems to be stale; and it is none the less stale because it has a modern exasperation and violence in it. Remember how modern, how exasperated, and how violent were the conceptions of Byron in all his romantic tales about men of one virtue and a thousand crimes. You may go one better, or

worse, and represent men of no virtues and no power of rising even to the height of crimes; and yet in a few years you will seem as romantically unreal as Byron himself. That is the fate from which we hope the new poetry will preserve itself; and we speak of the defects more than of the merits of these two plays, because these defects seem to us to threaten that fate.

The same volume contains Mr. Hodgson's "Bull," which, we are sure, will never grow stale. It is not a pleasant subject, and Mr. Hodgson does not attempt to prettify it, but he talks no scandal about bull-nature. He treats it seriously, and it seems to be a poem about a bull written by a bull with the gift of poetry, not by a poet who has developed hostile observation for the purposes of his art. There are two kinds of morbidity in art—the morbidity which the artist cannot help, which he is even unconscious of, and the morbidity which he encourages in himself so that he may be spurred on to write by the very exasperation of it. This second kind is dangerous to art itself, as the effective anger of the partisan is dangerous to truth. We see something of it in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Cruelty and Love." The woman in that poem is morbid, and her morbidity seems to be exaggerated by the poet so that he may do something new in poetry. The worst of such novelties is that they so soon seem old. But in another poem, "Meeting Among the Mountains," if there is morbidity, if there is an excessive sense of pain in mere existence, it is natural and not encouraged; and here the expression of it is also natural and beautiful and does not provoke us to revolt.

Against the hard and pale blue evening
sky
The mountains' new-dropped summer
snow is clear,
Glistening in steadfast stillness; like
transcendent

Clean pain sending on us a chill down
here.

Mr. Lawrence seems to welcome pain as if he might at least discover something of the mystery of things in it, as if, because it is so disconcerting, it must mean more than pleasure. He is bewildered by the mixture of good and evil in life; and so was Rupert Brooke, only to a more smiling scepticism. One sees him in most of his poetry resolved not to give his heart away, not to let himself go, as if he were afraid that the universe with all its beauty might play a practical joke upon him and behind it all there might be nothing. If there is a joke he would be in it, one of the laughers, not one of the laughed at; and yet he would laugh with passion and beauty and with a sense of all that ought to be, not with the Cockney laughter of one who is not deceived because he sees and feels nothing. One can see that theories of immortality haunted him, and yet he mocked at them because he could not conceive of the richness of life, which is life itself, without matter and the individuality of matter. In "The Great Lover" he tells us of all the things that he loved, making a vivid catalogue of them with the natural virtuosity of youth. They are all things with the delight and character of matter in them:—

white plates and cups, clean gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery,
faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the
strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting
food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of
wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool
flowers;
And flowers themselves, that swing
through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them
under the moon;
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that
soon

Smooth away trouble; and the rough
male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; the hair that
is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds;
the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine.

His complaint against them all is that
they will desert him when he dies.

Oh—never a doubt but, somewhere, I
shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and
make

New friends, now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows
old, is blown

About the winds of the world, and fades
from brains

Of living men, and dies. Nothing
remains.

What troubled him, in fact, was the
destructibility of form and all that form
means. It was not enough that spirit
should be immortal; and in another
poem, "Tiare Tahiti," he mocks at the
conception of an utterly immaterial
immortality, in which we shall have to
pretend to be satisfied with the ab-
stract.

How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,
Where there are neither heads nor
flowers?

Oh, Heaven's Heaven!—but we'll be
missing

The palms, and sunlight, and the south;
And there's an end, I think, of kissing.
When our mouths are one with Mouth.

In all this verse there is the insecurity
of emotion that comes of scepticism.
Philosophy hurts the poet who is in-
trigued with it, because it empties life
of all its rich content. Of all poets
only Shelley could be in love with ab-
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stractions as if they were women:
and he also could love women as if they
were abstractions. A difficulty in front
of the new poetry, if the poets are to get
all their intellect into it, if they are not
to sacrifice reality at all to their art, is
the reconciling of the abstract with the
concrete, the turning of scepticism
into a new faith. Some of them, such
as Mr. W. H. Davies and Mr. James
Stephens, seem to be simple for the
purposes of their art, as if they had
warned their intellect off like a mis-
chievous child that might trouble their
inspiration. They are charming, no
doubt, but simpler, one feels, than
anyone has a right to be nowadays.
What a passion of thought, an almost
theological passion and dogmatism, is
hidden in the simplicity of Blake.
Phrases that are purely beautiful to us
meant Heaven knows what to him and
that is why they have such depth of
sound and shapeliness of form. Their
simplicity is not thoughtlessness, but
philosophy heightened into faith; and
the effort of our new poetry, if it is not
to grow quickly old, must be to turn
philosophy into faith and so into music.

"Poems of Today" covers a much
longer period than Georgian poetry. It
includes "Love in a Valley," which has
already the charm of distant music to
us, but which has also in it the first
signs of change from the romantic
movement. It is on the whole a very
good selection, and contains, we are
glad to see, A. E.'s beautiful "Shadows
and Lights." It might have contained
more of his, and also some of Mr.
Bridges's, experiments in quantity,
many of which are poetry both wonder-
ful and new.

THE RUNAWAY HORSE.

Man strives for happiness as moths
strive for the light. Carelessly he
strives with a fine mobility of reckless-

ness: blindly he strives with a crude
refusal to define his aim: instinctively
he strives with a lack of purpose that

makes the ineffectual beating of his wings as pathetic as it is eternal. Happiness, vast and indefinable concept, he makes his goal: and many a path to that goal has he attempted. Now he has sought it with Stoic asperity and now with the schooled indulgence of Epicurus: now he has pursued it in battle and now in love, now in the frenzy of a crusade, now in the diligence of industry and the arts. Yet no road has been a straight or an easy road, and always he has wandered astray with dashed hopes and heart unslaked. For neither in the empires and the arts of antiquity, nor yet in the cities and the crafts of the Middle Age has the questing traveler found the haven of his longing.

And now for a hundred years he has been making trial of a new method, and has been bold to mount himself upon a new steed whereupon to thread once more those mazy tracks. He has found a horse called Material Progress, by many known as Civilization, and on this he has ridden forth with great trumpeting of his animal's virtues and with a fine faith in his swift achievement of the goal. And well may he boast of his creature's speed, for it has galloped well and carried him over many a mile: nor could a just man disparage the mettle and the vigor of the new charger. But perhaps the eye of discernment might cause a witness to surmise that the rider has not full control of his horse, or even that he has utterly lost guidance and is being borne he knows not whither. For so mighty a beast must needs be wilful and impetuous, as strong of will as of limb, as grandly tempered as he is grandly built. But whether the steed had wisdom and a soul, man did not stop to discover, so infatuated was he with the speed and strength of his new servant. So he mounted in all temerity, thinking that happiness at last was to be hunted down, and still he gallops and gallops.

Nor has he yet attained his goal: not even has he learned that a strong steed without guidance is a barren gift. Sometimes, perhaps, he has an inkling that he is not on the right road after all. But he cannot stop the horse. It gallops on.

The men of Britain and the men of Germany, who slay each other today, are closely akin to the men of Athens and of Sparta, who slew each other in another hideous war of attrition over two thousand years ago. They are the same in all human essentials. They have the same normal and natural desires. They love their women and their children, their country and their homes, their food and their drink. They have the same arts, the same philosophies, the same hates, and bitterness, and ugly limitations. But in other things they are utterly parted. Mechanical invention has intervened. The city has yielded to the nation, and the nation to the federation and the empire. The trade which was pelagic has become oceanic; the life and thought which were local have become ecumenical. Human relations have, in the mad career of material progress, lost all simplicity, and been tangled in a skein of infinite complexity. A Balkan murder and all the world is aflame. A German Minister tears up a treaty, and the young men of Australia sail thousands of miles to die upon the rocks of Gallipoli. Africa is torn with colonial wars, and not even America can escape bombs and plots, and the mad hatred of race. If the Peloponnesian War made only a ripple in the Mediterranean, the European War has made a typhoon across the world.

We little men are confronted as never before with Bigness. We blunder on, mystified yet hopeful, trembling yet trustful. We discovered machinery, and we believed that it would save our labor and give us ease from toil; yet everybody seems to work harder than

ever. We mastered the sea, the mountains, and the air: yet we are still the slaves of destruction. We go on making bigger ships, bigger factories, bigger fortunes, bigger empires, bigger guns, and how are we profited? Has happiness been found? Has the heart been slaked and the soul been set at peace? Far from it. Everywhere is bitterness and unrest; everywhere strife—sexual, industrial, national. And because we are face to face with Bigness, because, that is to say, all our affairs are so linked and so far-reaching, we cannot escape from strife and its results, though we ourselves are guiltless of it, alien from it, and revolted by it. The telegraph and the steamer, the wireless and the Stock Exchange, have strongly underlined the Aristotelian dogma that man is a social being and cannot abstract himself from society. And now so widely do all our acts of trade and policy bear influence, that the mere individual feels helpless and terrified. Now it is the Moloch of trade and the cry for longer hours, harder work, larger machines, and larger profits; now it is the Moloch of war and the cry for bigger ships, bigger guns, bigger armies, and bigger debts. The horse of Material Progress goes snorting and prancing on its way: and puny man, fingering the reins and convinced at last of his inability to guide, clings desperately to the rushing monster, mad for a moment with the ecstasy of speed, then stricken with panic at his wild, uncertain fate.

The war has been the triumph of Bigness. The two Imperialisms, the Continental Imperialism of the Central Powers and the Colonial Imperialism of the Allies, have battered each other with bigger forces, and bigger armaments, and bigger treasures than ever the world has known. It is the biggest tragedy of the world, so big, indeed, that little men are beginning to accept it as normal and unquestionable, which is the way they receive all astounding things

like the sun, and children, and the sea. That is why some men are praying that peace may bring back our minds to smallness, that it may destroy our demented worship of the huge, and may call us once again to consider our scheme of values. We are aiming at human happiness, and surely we have gone astray: we have mastered machinery, and the machines have mastered us. We have admired size, and we have been crushed by its weight. So now perhaps man may decide that it is better to slip off the back of his rushing steed, which has certainly carried him swiftly and certainly carried him astray, to slip off and to return humbly to the point whence he set out.

But can it be done? Is not the experiment absurdly dangerous, and even totally impossible? He who so slips off may be left to starve. That is true, and that is why our efforts should be directed mainly to curbing the ferocity of the horse. But there are those who have chosen to risk their limbs and to jump off. Across the thunder of the guns the unmoved Quaker hears the still small voice of conscience: amid the whirl of the lathes and the roaring of the wheels the craftsman still hears the call of handiwork and warms to the beauty of making: amid the banks and the money-bags there are many who find freedom in poverty, and riches in the countryside. These are the true devotees of Smallness, the lovers of the intimate, personal things that men have always cared for and will always appraise. And to them, if honorable their motives, honor is due. They are the revolutionaries, the men whose thought and actions cut straight across the grain of society. They, at any rate, have taken the perilous leap from the back of the runaway horse. All cannot follow them: indeed, did they do so, confusion might be worse confounded. But it is the example of the grandly immoderate man that leads

the moderate man to a safer journey in the paths of sanity, and from the extreme devotees of the small and the personal a society which has been utterly given over to the vast and the mechanical has everything to learn. And perhaps it will so learn. For when this limitless business of war is over, many will find a new fascination in the pursuits that seemed petty before, and in their reaction from the things of Empire will discover happiness in the things of the farm, of the home, of the craft, and in all those precious and individual cares which the whirlwinds

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of commerce and of war may sweep aside. It is conceivable that the war itself, that triumph of Material Bigness, may be the chief cause of the dethroning of Bigness, and of a new devotion to quality not quantity, to life and not to matter. The war into which the ravening steed of commercial civilization has carried man, may drive him to make the most stubborn efforts to curb his mount, and to ask himself finally and irrepressibly whether happiness can be the end of so terrible, so insupportable a journey.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A book of charming flavor and piquant interest is Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Nights" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). It is made up of lively reminiscences of Rome and Venice in what Mrs. Pennell characterizes as "the æsthetic eighties" and of London and Paris in "the fighting nineties." The nights which are described came after crowded and busy days, for both Mrs. Pennell and Mr. Pennell were hard at work through those years, she with her writing and he with his etching; but the nights found them free to seek congenial companions and to exchange views and experiences with fellow authors and artists—with Vedder, Donoghue and Harriet Waters Preston in Rome; with Duveneek and Arnold in Venice; with Henley, and Steevens, and Crockett, and Rosamund Marriott-Watson, and Harland, and Beardsley, and "Bob" Stevenson, and Whistler and a host of others in London; and with many of the same group and others besides in Paris. The reminiscences begin with the early days of Mrs. Pennell's married life, when she and her husband rode on their tandem tricycle with such speed that two zeal-

ous policemen halted them in Rome and haled them before the Syndic. Later, this was displaced by two safety bicycles, with which much traveling was done. The book is written in a spirit of buoyant cheerfulness. If there were hardships and disappointments, checks that did not come and pictures that did not sell, little is said of them. Perhaps the most interesting sketches are those of Henley and Whistler, but many others who were prominent in art and letters in the later years of the nineteenth century appear in these pages and are pleasantly gossiped about in a way which makes them extremely real. Sixteen illustrations of unusual quality—four of them from etchings by Joseph Pennell—add to the attractions of the volume.

"The Second Coming," by Frederic Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a delicate and imaginative fantasy which describes the appearance of Christ to a French sentinel on a blood-stained battlefield on Christmas Eve; and later to the Kaiser on a night when, after a great battle in which many thousands have

perished, he has ordered his General Staff to make a new attack. Incidents of the fighting and its horrors are described with a startling realism, and there is not a little imaginative power in the scene in which the Kaiser's ruthlessness is sternly rebuked by our Lord. It is a daring attempt to make real the highest spiritual truths, and it is marked by solemnity and pathos.

A timely and invaluable handbook is Captain Lincoln C. Andrews's "Fundamentals of Military Service" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The author is a Captain in the U. S. Cavalry, and his handbook has been prepared under the supervision of Major General Leonard Wood. Special chapters are contributed on the Engineer Corps by Major S. A. Cheney, Civil Engineer, on the Coast Artillery by Captain C. A. Kilbourne of that branch of the service, on Infantry by Captain E. T. Collins of the 10th Infantry, on the Signal Corps by Captain C. A. Seoane, Cavalry, and on the Field Artillery by First Lieut. J. S. Hammond, of that service. The book is especially designed for the training of the citizen soldier and it puts within the reach of those who train at Plattsburg, of the students drilling in the colleges and of men in the militia, privates and officers, the fundamental principles the knowledge and practice of which go to the making of a good soldier. Printed on thin paper, in flexible binding, it can be conveniently carried in the pocket.

The splendid fighting and heroic endurance of the Canadian troops in the battles of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Givenchy and Festubert in April, May and June of last year make one of the most brilliant and memorable chapters in the history of the great war—the more memorable because the troops who made this record and beat back the German advance were comparatively untrained, and were called upon to face

new and terrible forms of attack. In the book entitled "Canada in Flanders" (Geo. H. Doran Company) Max Aitken, formerly a merchant of Montreal, and now a member of the British House of Commons, tells the story of these achievements, some of which he witnessed. It is a vivid and thrilling narrative, not less so because of the absence of all attempt at literary effect. Not only are the general movements described, but there are stories of individual bravery and sacrifice which go to show how simple-hearted men, unused to war, rise to a great emergency when duty calls them. These are records which will live long in the annals of the British Empire. Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, furnishes an Introduction, and A. Bonar Law, Secretary of State for the Colonies, a Preface.

Dallas Lore Sharp is a close second to John Burroughs among contemporary observers and interpreters of outdoor life, and as he is still in the sunny forties he combines the freshness of youth and the wisdom of middle age in a rare degree. In half a dozen books, more or less, he has depicted the charms of the fleeting seasons and the beauties of forest and field; but his latest book, "The Hills of Hingham" (Houghton, Mifflin Company) is perhaps the most charming of all, for it deals not only with the world outdoors but the world indoors—the world of the home, the open fire, the reading shared with "Her," and the children, temporarily out of sight but never out of mind. There is humor in the book, humor unforced; there is sentiment, sentiment sweet and wholesome; there is love of Nature and love of men. The "Hills of Hingham" are real, for it is there that Professor Sharp lives, and to them he retires at nightfall when he is weary of instructing freshmen and sophomores; and the charms of the life there, as he

draws them, are so alluring that an extended perusal of its pages might easily lead to a considerable migration thither of busy men, seeking relief from the unceasing strain of city life. Let anyone open it, say at the chapter on "The Open Fire" or that on "Seed Catalogues" or that on "The Dustless Duster" and he will pretty surely read backward or forward, as the case may be, until he has read it through.

It is not often that a single season brings, from the pen of the same writer, two devotional books of so great charm and appeal as Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery's "Why Men Pray" and "The Gift of Immortality." The first of these was noticed in *The Living Age* of March 18. The second, published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, contains three lectures, delivered last fall on the Raymond F. West foundation at Leland Stanford Junior University. In these lectures Dr. Slattery departs from what he describes as the road of argument and the road of imagination and follows the road of practical experience, putting the supreme question: What effect does a conviction of immortality have upon this life which we are now living? He considers successively the responsibility which a belief in immortality throws back upon our present life, as individuals, then upon our corporate life in human society, and finally, upon our lives as related to God. These fresh lines of thought are followed out to their conclusion with a simple directness which makes them very persuasive and convincing.

A fascinating book for all lovers of growing things is William Watson's "Climbing Plants," of which the F. A. Stokes Company are the American publishers. The volume is one of a series on Present Day Gardening. It treats of climbing plants in gardens and

in nature, describes their varied attractions and gives practical suggestions for their cultivation. It is illustrated with sixteen plates in black and white from photographs and with eight plates reproduced from actual specimens in their natural colors. Its beauty and its moderate price should ensure it a wide distribution.

"Instead of the Thorn," by Clara Louise Burnham, is a story of character development of the changes wrought in a selfish society girl until she becomes a thoughtful woman. Linda Barry was the daughter of a Chicago millionaire whose partner and adviser, Bertram King, was a younger man than himself and was in love with his daughter. Mr. Barry's sudden death and his financial failure cause Linda to blame, unreasonably, Bertram King, and to make him responsible for all her trouble. A summer on the Maine coast with an aunt and another older woman to whom Linda is devoted, brings about the desired change in her character and in her attitude toward the world and her lover. One of the most interesting people in the book, perhaps the most interesting, is Blanche Aurora, the New England aunt's little serving maid. She belongs to the "Rebecca" and "Pollyanna" group of original, lovable children. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The name of Walter de la Mare is not unfamiliar to *Living Age* readers, who have enjoyed occasional bits of his verse, reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, the *Nation*, and other English journals and magazines. They should welcome "The Listeners" (Henry Holt & Co.) which contains fifty or more of his poems. They are marked by sweetness and simplicity, and by a delicate and spiritual beauty. The opening poem "The Three Cherry Trees," though not so subtle as the

one that gives the book its title, may serve to illustrate the quality of Mr. de la Mare's verse:

There were three cherry trees once,
Grew in a garden all shady;
And there for delight of so gladsome a
sight,
Walked a most beautiful lady,
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in those branches did sing,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet,
But she walking there was by far the
most fair—
Lovelier than all else within it,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet.

But blossoms to berries do come,
All hanging on stalks light and
slender,
And one long summer's day charmed
that lady away,
With vows sweet and merry and
tender;
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen the green branches
deck;
Weeds nod in its paths green and
shady:
Yet a light footstep seems there to
wander in dreams,
The ghost of that beautiful lady,
That happy and beautiful lady.

"The Better Man," by Robert W. Chambers, is a group of short stories of Florida girls and the lovers who come and bear them away to other States and to greater happiness. The rescuer may be a State or Federal official, a sportsman, or a city-dweller in search of novelty, and the girl may be rich or poor, but she is invariably pretty and spirited, and the young man is brave and handsome and their love-story is good. Nevertheless, it is better to read but one at a time, for they were written to be so taken, and not even the skill of Mr. Chambers can make the second and third as interesting as the

first, unless an interval for discussion or for consideration separates each little piece of good literary workmanship from its successor. One cannot make a satisfactory dinner on caviare, or sugar-plums, and everybody knows what happened to the man who wagered that he could eat a quail a day for a month. Read as it should be, "The Better Man" will be found in every way agreeable. Further, it will be pleasantly instructive to those whose concept of Florida is as vague as their mental map of Timbuctoo, for it gives them a glimpse of more than one industry by which the Land of Roses is making itself one of the most prosperous of these United States. D. Appleton & Company.

The latest volume in the "Spell Series" of the Page Company—"The Spell of Egypt"—is by Archie Bell, who wrote "The Spell of the Holy Land," which was published a year ago. It is about as modern in style as it could well be,—being written in the easy colloquial manner of the typical American journalist. The contrast between the antiquities described and this ultra-modern style of description is sometimes a little startling, but less so than it would be if it were not the present-day aspects of things with which the traveler is chiefly concerned. The personal element is strong throughout, and the incidents of personal experience, encounters with fellow-travelers and intimate glimpses of native life as seen from without add piquancy and interest. It is the Egypt of today which the writer sees and describes, but it is Egypt in its antique setting, quaint, remote, unique, rich in historical and sacred associations. As in the other volumes of this pleasantly-lengthening series, the illustrations are an attractive feature. There are eight plates in full color, and fifty duogravures from photographs by E. M. Newman.